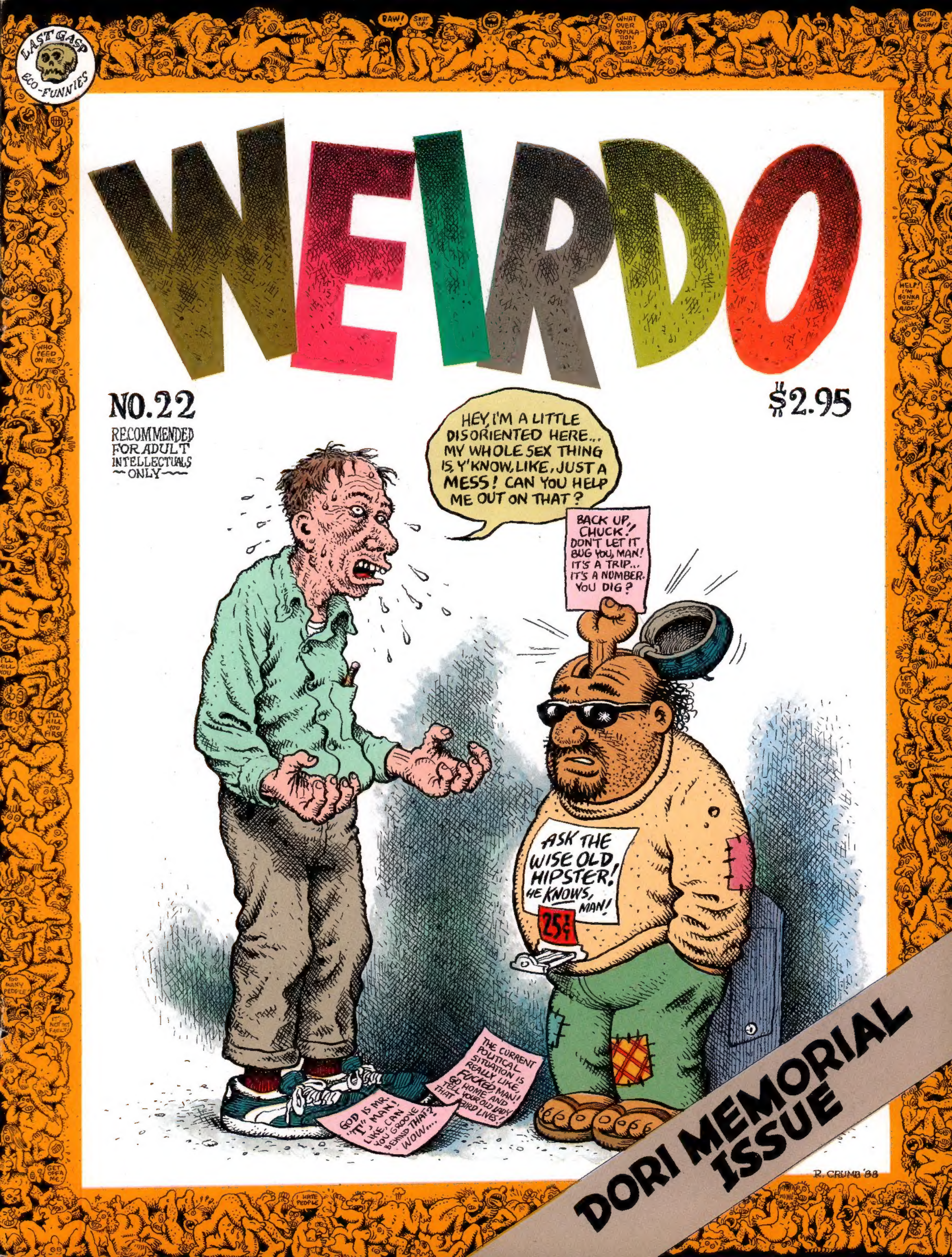
WEIRDO

NO.22

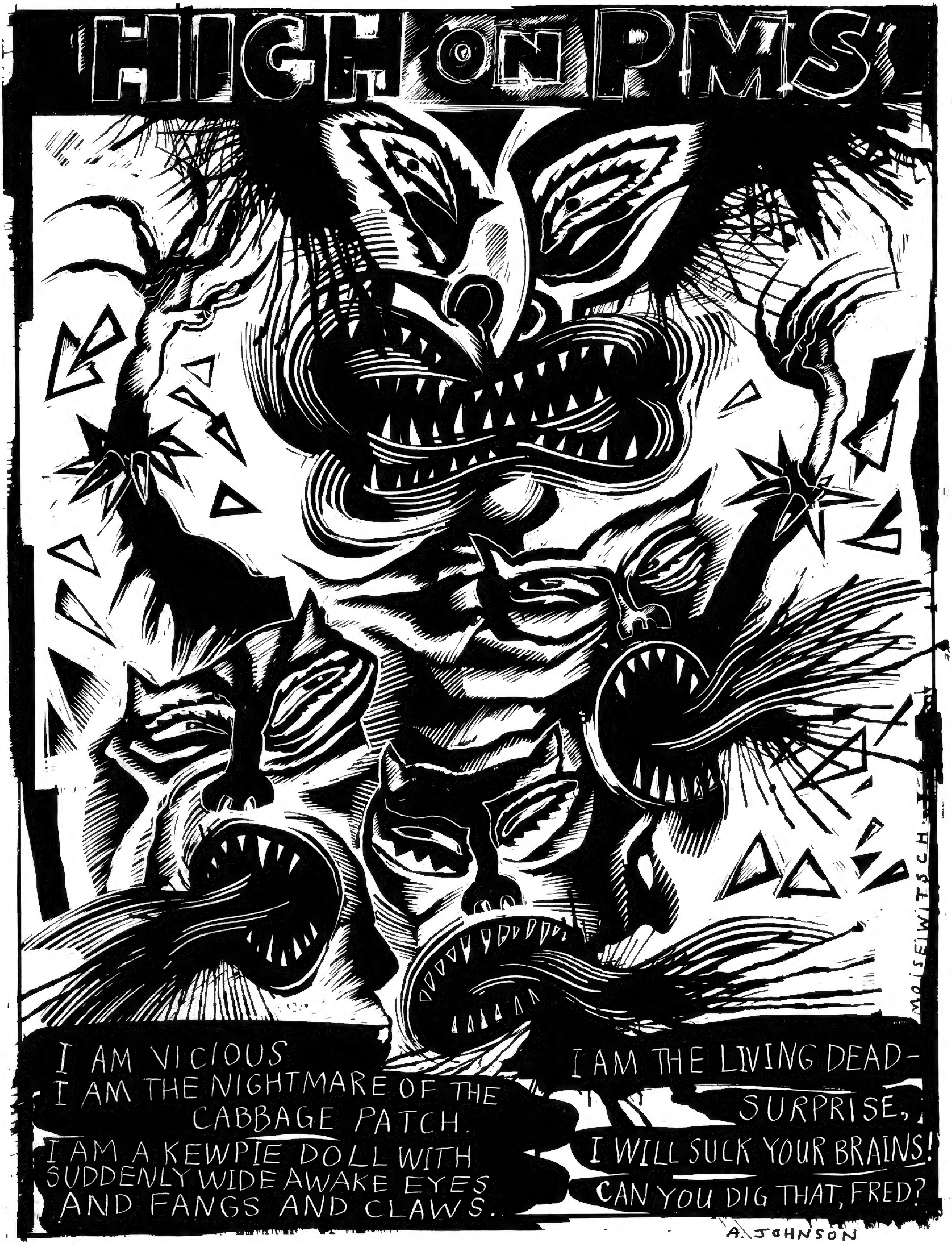
RECOMMENDED
FOR ADULT
INTELLECTUALS
~ONLY~

$2.95


LAST GASP
ECO-FUNNIES
RAW!
SHUT UP!
WHAT OVER POPULATION PROBLEM?
GOTTA GET AWAY!
WHO FEED ON ME?
HELP! I'M GONNA GET AIDS!
I'LL KILL YOU
I'LL KILL YOU FIRST!
LET ME OUT!
TOO MANY PEOPLE!
NOT MY FAULT!
GET OFFA ME!
I HATE PEOPLE
HEY, I'M A LITTLE DISORIENTED HERE... MY WHOLE SEX THING IS, Y'KNOW, LIKE, JUST A MESS! CAN YOU HELP ME OUT ON THAT?
BACK UP, CHUCK! DON'T LET IT BUG YOU, MAN! IT'S A TRIP... IT'S A NUMBER. YOU DIG?
ASK THE WISE OLD HIPSTER! HE KNOWS, MAN!
25¢
THE CURRENT POLITICAL SITUATION IS REALLY, LIKE, FUCKED, MAN! GO HOME AND TELL YOUR OLD LADY THAT BIRD LIVES!
GOD IS MR. "T", MAN! LIKE, CAN YOU GROOVE BEHIND THAT? WOW....
R. CRUMB '88

DORI MEMORIAL ISSUE

HIGH ON PMS

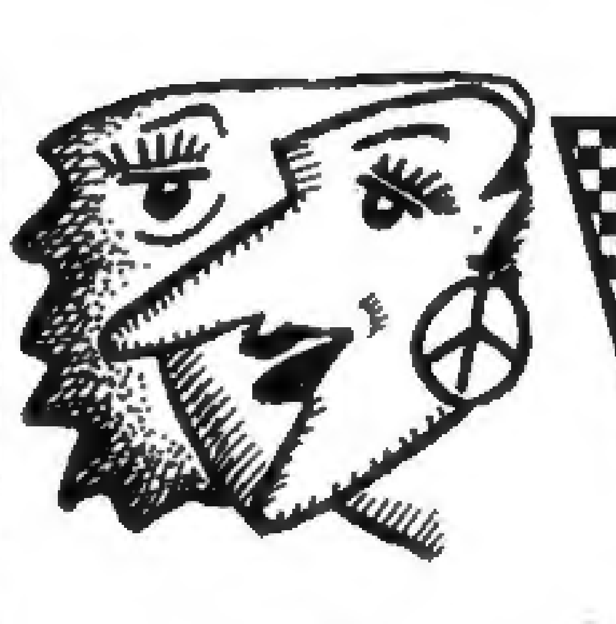


I AM VICIOUS
I AM THE NIGHTMARE OF THE
CABBAGE PATCH.
I AM A KEWPIE DOLL WITH
SUDDENLY WIDE AWAKE EYES
AND FANGS AND CLAWS.

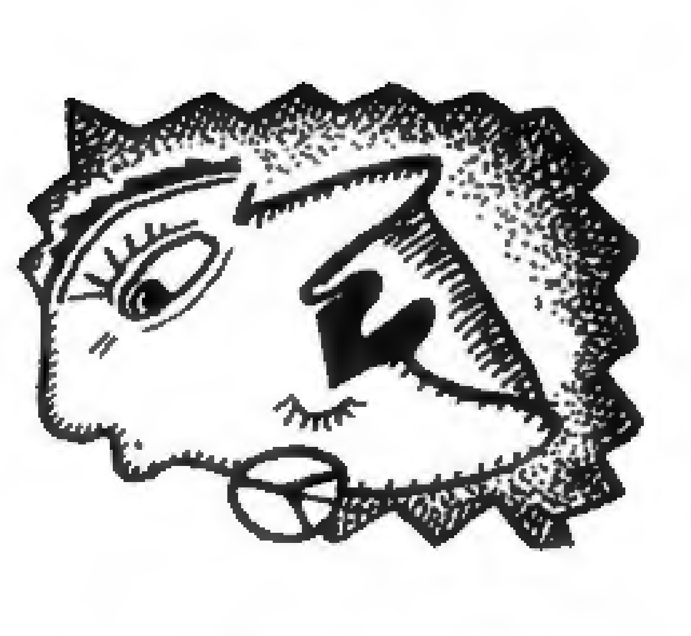
I AM THE LIVING DEAD-
SURPRISE,
I WILL SUCK YOUR BRAINS!
CAN YOU DIG THAT, FRED?

MOISEIWITSCH

A. JOHNSON



WEIRDO



Spill Your Guts Out

NO. 22 SPRING 1988

BY HARVEY PEKAR

DANIEL FUCHS

WHEN I WAS ABOUT TWENTY TWO I BELONGED TO A BOOK CLUB. THAT SEEMS LIKE A PRETTY SQUARE THING TO DO- BELONG TO A BOOK CLUB. LIKE YOU DON'T KNOW ENOUGH TO CHOOSE YOUR OWN BOOKS. BUT, HEY, I'M NOT COMPLAINING; IT WAS A HIP BOOK CLUB. THE BOOKS I GOT FROM THAT CLUB HAD A HEAVY IMPACT ON ME. NONE MORE SO THAN DANIEL FUCHS' THREE BROOKLYN NOVELS COLLECTED IN ONE VOLUME, SUMMER IN WILLIAMSBURG, HOMAGE TO BLENHOLT AND LOW COMPANY.

WHEN I READ THEM I THOUGHT, "HEY, THIS IS THE WAY TO WRITE." THEY WERE ABOUT JEWS IN BROOKLYN DURING THE GREAT DEPRESSION. THOUGH FUCHS WAS A GENERATION OLDER THAN ME, I COULD IDENTIFY STRONGLY WITH HIS CHARACTERS. THEY REMINDED ME OF THE PEOPLE I KNEW ON KINSMAN AVENUE IN THE 1940'S AND 50'S. FUCHS WRITING WAS HARD AND GRIM, BUT IT HAD A LOT OF HUMOR IN IT AS WELL. HE MIGHT'VE BEEN THE FIRST NATURALIST WRITER TO EMPHASIZE HUMOR.

FUCHS' BOOKS SOLD BADLY. HE WAS WORKING AS A TEACHER IN BROOKLYN AROUND 1940 WHEN HE GOT A CHANCE TO GO OUT TO HOLLYWOOD AND BE A SCREENWRITER. HE WAS SICK OF BROOKLYN, SICK OF BEING POOR AND SO HE SPLIT. FROM THEN UNTIL NOW HE'S ONLY WRITTEN ONE MORE NOVEL AND A RELATIVELY SMALL NUMBER OF SHORT STORIES. MOST OF THE STORIES WERE QUITE GOOD THO.

HE'S AN OUTSTANDING AUTHOR, BUT UNDERRATED AND ALMOST UNKNOWN. SO WHEN I STARTED WRITING LITERARY ARTICLES ABOUT EIGHT YEARS AGO, HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST PEOPLE I WANTED TO DEAL WITH. HIS WORK REALLY SPOKE TO ME, LIKE I SAID. I THOUGHT OF HIM WITH A LOT OF AFFECTION, LIKE AN UNCLE OR SOMETHING.

I GOT THE O.K. FROM A JOURNAL TO DO AN ARTICLE ON FUCHS, SO I STARTED RESEARCHING HIM. AMAZINGLY, HE WAS IN THE LOS ANGELES PHONE BOOK. SO I WROTE HIM A LETTER, ASKING SOME QUESTIONS. HE REPLIED, BUT GAVE ME A MINIMUM OF INFORMATION. I KEPT ON WRITING AND HE KEPT ON REPLYING, BUT HIS ANSWERS WERE UNSATISFACTORILY BRIEF. AFTER AWHILE HE GOT HIMSELF A STACK OF POSTCARDS FROM MUSSO AND FRANK GRILL, THE OLDEST RESTAURANT IN HOLLYWOOD - SINCE 1919 - AND HE'D SEND ME ANSWERS ON THEM LIKE THIS " JUST TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTERESTING LONG LETTER. ALL THE BEST, D. FUCHS.

WHEN MY ARTICE ABOUT HIM WAS PUBLISHED HE ACTUALLY WROTE ME A REAL LETTER. HE'D LIKED IT BUT OBJECTED TO SOME THINGS ALVAH BESSIE, A FRIEND OF HIS FROM BROOKLYN AND LATER A SCREENWRITER AND MEMBER OF THE HOLLYWOOD TEN, HAD SAID ABOUT HIM. BESSIE IMPLIED THAT FUCHS HAD SOLD OUT TO HOLLYWOOD. FUCHS SAID BESSIE MISQUOTED HIM AND THAT HE WAS SHOCKED BY IT. I WAS SHOCKED THAT FUCHS WAS UNAWARE OF WHAT BESSIE HAD SAID ABOUT HIM, BECAUSE IT WAS IN A BOOK THAT'D BEEN

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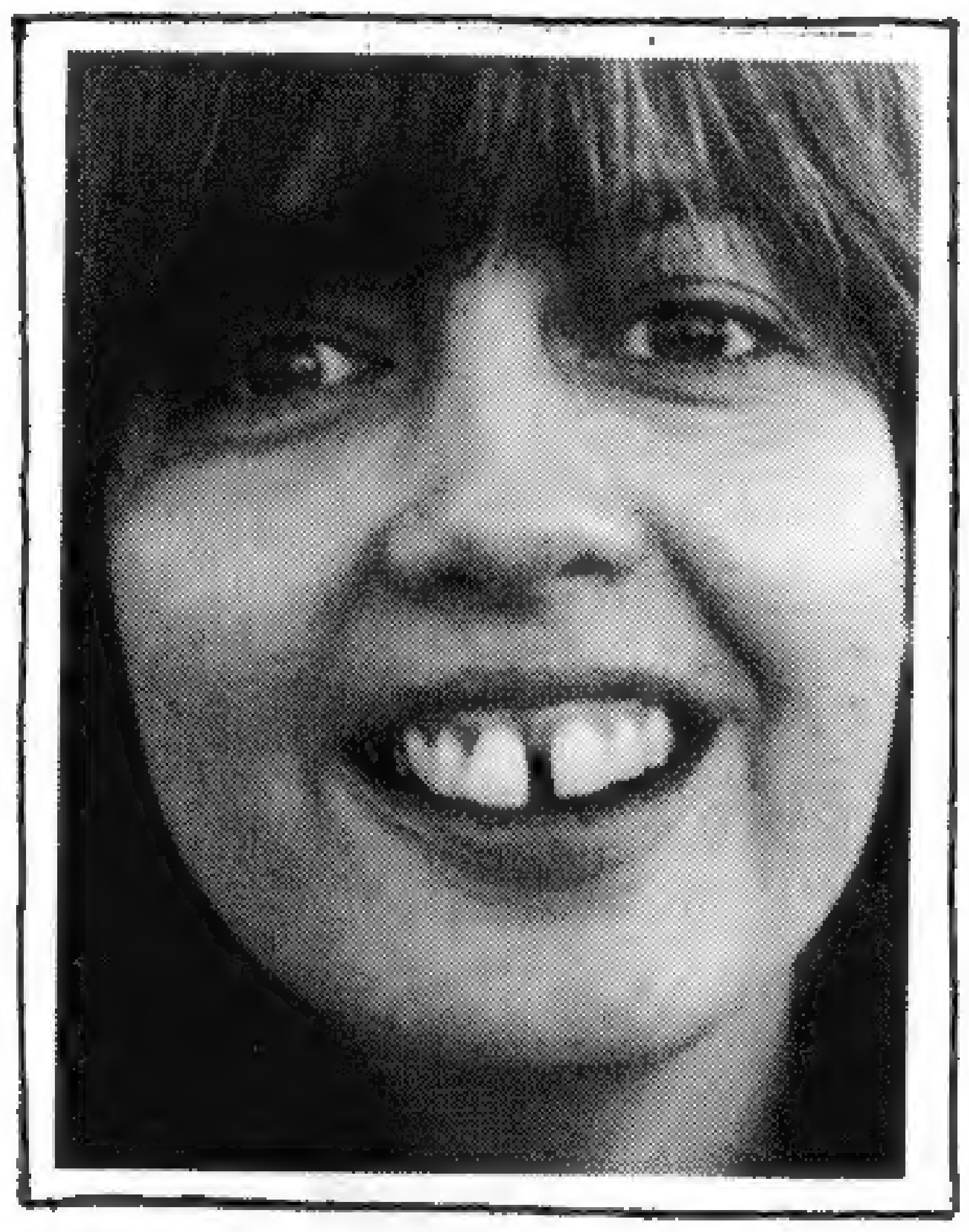


FOTO BY ADAM ALEXANDER

cartoonist

Dori Seda

July 1951 - Feb. 1988

THIS ISSUE OF WEIRDO IS DEDICATED TO DORI SEDA, ONE OF WEIRDO'S OUTSTANDING ARTISTS. WHEN ROBERT FIRST PUBLISHED DORI'S WORK I DIDN'T LIKE THE DRAWING THAT MUCH, BUT SHE IMPROVED SO RAPIDLY FROM ONE STORY TO THE NEXT THAT IT WAS ASTOUNDING. I BECAME A FANATIC DORI FAN. HER SOLO BOOK, LONELY NIGHTS IS ONE OF MY THREE ALL TIME FAVORITES. ALL HER WORK FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS HAS BEEN TOPS... ITS PAINFUL TO REALIZE THE STORY IN THIS ISSUE "LET'S EAT BRAINS" IS THE LAST TIME WE'LL GET TO SEE HER WORK IN WEIRDO. I'LL MISS TALKING TO DORI ON THE PHONE, SEEING HER AT PARTIES, HEARING HER HYSTERICAL LAUGH-COUGH, AND HER ANNUAL VISITS WITH DON DONAHUE, AFTER ONE OF THEIR FISHING TRIPS. I WAS NOT A CLOSE FRIEND OF DORIS SO I DON'T WANT TO GUSH INSINCERELY. BUT HER CLOSEST GIRLFRIEND KRYSTINE KRYTTRE HAS DONE A STORY ABOUT THEIR RELATIONSHIP IN THIS ISSUE. MANY CONCERNED READERS HAVE WRITTEN ASKING + CONJECTURING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO DORI. THERE ARE A LOT OF RUMORS FLOATING AROUND BUT HERE'S THE STORY. FIRST OF ALL DORI SMOKED A LOT + HER LUNGS WERE PRETTY SHOT, I GUESS... THEN IN FEBRUARY SHE WAS IN A CAR ACCIDENT. SHE HAD A CRACKED PELVIS + COLLARBONE... SHE WAS IMMOBILE + IN PAIN. SHE TOOK TYLENOL + DRANK A LOT OF BEER. AFTER ALL THIS, DORI GOT A REAL NASTY UPPER RESPIRATORY FLU, THO SHE WAS STILL IN GOOD SPIRITS, DORI WAS SICKER THAN ANYONE REALIZED. SHE DIED OF CONGESTIVE HEART FAILURE ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26. DORI WAS WILD AND ZANY, SELF-DESTRUCTIVE + A COMPULSIVE PERFECTIONIST IN HER WORK. HER STORY LIFE CYCLE OF AN ARTIST, IN WEIRDO #7 IS PRETTY REVEALING; CHECK IT OUT!

AND NOW BACK TO THE MUNDANE DETAILS OF THIS RAG... REMEMBER MY 'DRAW THE EDITOR' CONTEST IN WEIRDO 21?? WELL THE DEADLINE WAS BLOWN SINCE THE LAST ISSUE SAT AT THE PUBLISHERS' FOR 3 MONTHS, BUT SOME OF YOU DEDICATED ADMIRERS MANAGED TO SEND SOME ROTTEN, INSULTING RENDERINGS OF GAWGEOUS ME. NOT ONE DOES ME JUSTICE OF COURSE! I'M PRINTING THEM ON PAGE 2 OF THE LETTERS..... BUT I'M STILL GETTING ENTRIES + I'LL PROBABLY GET MORE, SO I'LL PRINT THE FINAL RESULTS IN WEIRDO #23. SO, YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO DRAW ME + WIN ME OVER OR TOTALLY OFFEND ME!! I CAN'T WAIT!! ALSO. I'VE BEEN RECEIVING HUNDREDS OF SMALL PUBLICATIONS (FROM HOMEADE CRUDE XEROXES TO FAIRLY SLICK ZINES) FROM YOU PROLIFIC FOLKS OUT THERE. I GUESS YOU ALL WANT PLUGS IN WEIRDO + SENSITIVE CRITIQUES BY ME. WELL I'LL GIVE IT A TRY IN THE NEXT ISSUE... WHAT A JOB, ESPECIALLY FOR ME. REMEMBER I'D RATHER BE READING COSMO OR SUNSET. THE STACK IS 3½ ft. HIGH I'GUESS I'LL MOVE IT INTO THE BATHROOM + HOPE FOR SOMETHING MILDLY ENTERTAINING. MORE KVETCHING.... I'M GETTING BURIED BY SUBMISSIONS OF ART. NOW I DON'T WANT TO DISCOURAGE YOU... I'M GETTING SOME GREAT STUFF, BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY ANSWER EVERY ONE OF YOU, IT WOULD BE A FULL TIME JOB. SO DO ME A FAVOR:

① ONLY SEND XEROXES
② DON'T SEND STAMPED RETURN ENVELOPES
③ DON'T EXPECT TO HEAR FROM ME UNLESS I'M INTERESTED IN USEING YOUR WORK.
④ FEEL FREE TO KEEP SENDING NEW WORK.

I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS LESS LABOR INTENSIVE POLICY BUT ITS THE ONLY WAY I CAN DEAL WITH THIS + DO ANYTHING ELSE IN MY LIFE. I'D REALLY LOVE TO BE PEN PALS WITH EVERY ONE OF YOU SWEET ART TOTS BUT WHO'S GONNA DO THE LAUNDRY + I HAFTO GO TO AEROBICS CLASS. ALSO, PLEASE EVERYONE, GET OUT YOUR COPY OF WEIRDO #21 + FIND THE STORY COME TO ME BETWEEN DENNIS WORDENS + SPAIN'S STORIE'S. THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN + DRAWN BY LUNA TICKS. I BLEW IT BY USING THE WRONG TITLE PAGE WITHOUT HER NAME ON IT. I GOT CONFUSED BY HAVING MORE THAN 1 PMT OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE STORY. I'M NOT VERY ORGANIZED, EASILY FLUSTERED + SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL.... ANYWAY... FORGIVE ME LUNA TICKS... ONE MORE THING.. THANKS TO YOU SWEET BOYS WHO SENT GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB YOUTH + BEAUTY FUND. I'VE INVESTED IN A NEW WONDER-WRINKLE CREAM THAT PROMISES TO REVERSE THE AGEING PROCESS.. RIGHT NOW MY FACE IS CRACKING + PEELING... BUT WHEN IT FALLS OFF, MY FACE SHOULD LOOK LIKE A BABY'S TUSH!!

Letters to the Editor

·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X·X

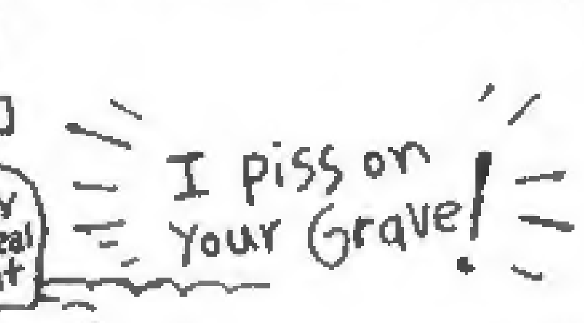
YOU CAN WRITE TO ME AT:

WEIRDO
ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB
P.O. BOX 533
WINTERS, CALIF. 95694

"CHICKEN SHIT SNIVELING WHITE BOYS BACK ON TARGET"

DEAR ALIEN KOZINSKY KLATTERTRAP,

AAUGHBLGL... YOU EVIL WITCH YOU! NOT CONTENT TO RUIN WEIRDO, YOU HAVE ALMOST DESTROYED A MAN, WHOSE BOOT YOU ARE NOT WORTHY TO LICK. I AM OF COURSE REFERING TO EDGAR "BOLT" UPRIGHT, WHO SUNK TO KISSING YOUR SCABBY ASS JUST SO YOU'D PRINT THE ADDRESS TO THE MIGHTY TALES OF SINISTER HARVEY. IT TOOK ME WEEKS OF EXTENSIVE COUNSELING TO RESCUE MY FRIEND FROM YOUR GRIP OF HUMILIATION. AS YOU WILL SEE FROM HIS LETTER, HE IS MORE OR LESS COMPLETEY CURED. YOU MEDUSA! SUCCUBUS OF PRIDE! OF COURSE, YOU WILL NEVER HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF WITNESSING ME GROVEL FOR RECOGNITION, BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO BE IN YOUR SHITTY MAGAZINE. APPARENTLY, MANY OF YOUR FORMER PUPPIES FEEL THE SAME WAY. IT SEEMS A LOT OF EX-CONTRIBUTORS TO WEIRDO ARE DEFECTING TO THE TALES OF SINISTER HARVEY. I GUESS THEY'D RATHER WORK FOR FREE AND RETAIN THEIR INTEGRITY THAN BE SEEN IN YOUR SLICK CORPORATE MORASS OF SELF INDULGENT FLAB FANTASY. MARK MY WORDS. TALES OF SINISTER HARVEY WILL DESTROY WEIRDO. WE WILL TRAMPLE YOU INTO CELLULITE DUST! NOBODY I KNOW LIKES WEIRDO. EVERYONE HATES YOU! ECHH PEEYEW! IF I MIGHT BE SO IMPETUOUS, I WOULD LIKE TO OFFER YOUR READERS AN ALTERNATIVE TO YOUR SHALLOW MAGAZINE. WHY NOT SWITCH TO TALES OF THE SINISTER HARVEY? #3 WILL BE OUT SOON (PROBABLY BEFOR WEIRDO #22) AND FEATURES FINE WORKS BY SOME OF THE BETTER ARTISTS TO APPEAR IN WEIRDO, PLUS THE USUAL GANG OF UNPUBLISHED BUT BRILLIANT AMATEURS. IT COSTS LESS THAN WEIRDO, HAS MORE PAGES, AND NOTHING BY ALIEN KOSINSKY KRAPOLA. AND NO TEXT BULLSHIT. FACE IT, BRICKLE BUTT, WEIRDO IS A DEAD TURD IN THE WATER, WAITING TO BE FLUSHED, AND ME + BOLT ARE JUST THE GUYS TO DO IT. YESSIRREE EVERY ISSUE OF TALES OF SINISTER HARVEY PUTS ANOTHER NAIL IN YOUR COFFIN.



MAY YOU REST IN PIECES,
BFF
CARBORO, N.C.

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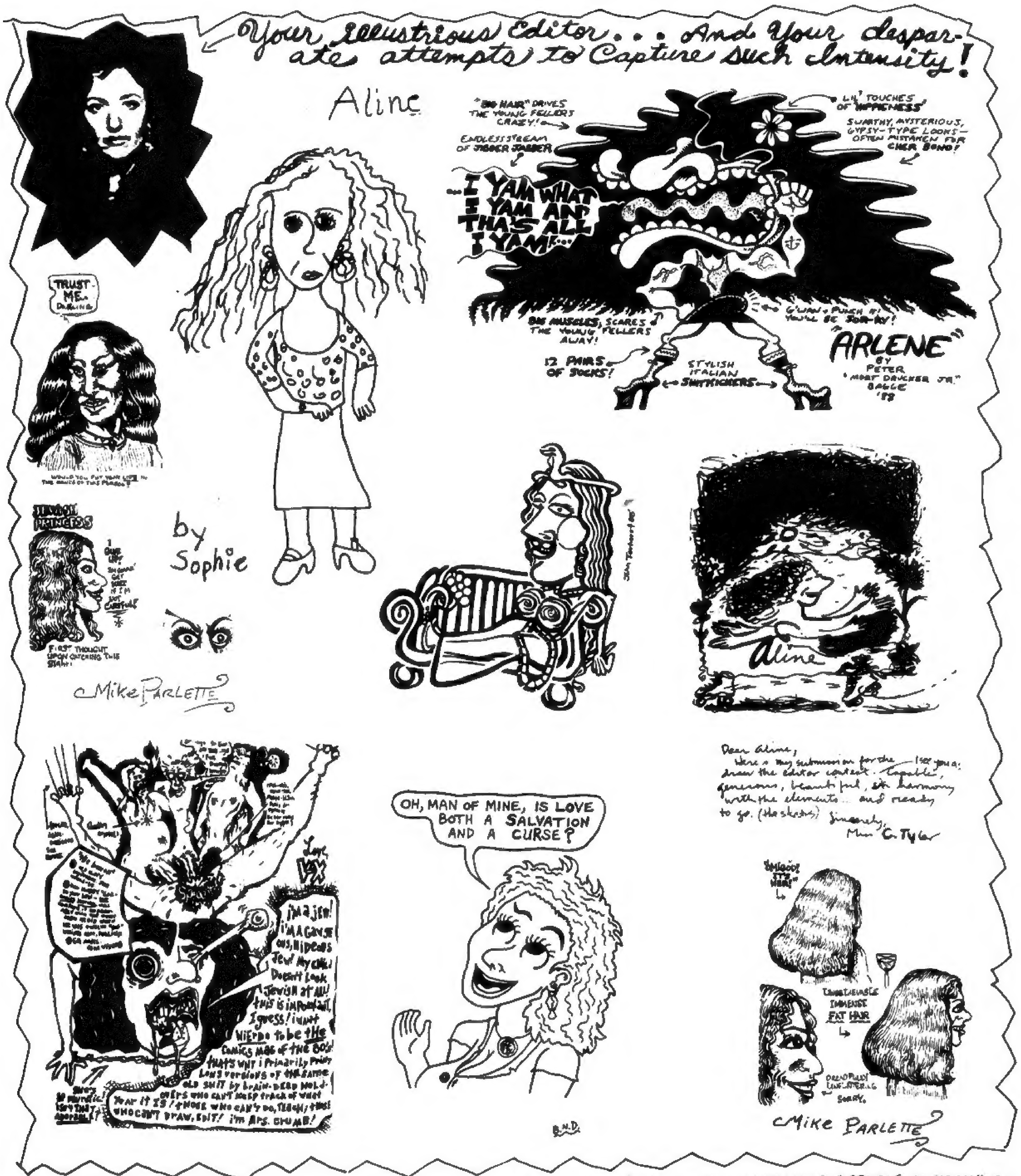
WEIRDO NO. 22, SPRING 1988. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 410067, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF, 94141. © 1988 by ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB, R. CRUMB, LYNDSAY ARNOLD, CAROL TYLER, JUSTIN GREEN, DORI SEDA, KRYSTINE KRYTTRE, TED JOUFLAS, CAREL MOISEIVITCH, AUDREY JOHNSON, ROY TOMPKINS, KIM DEITCH, HARVEY PEKAR. LETTERS + SUBMISSIONS (XEROX COPIES ONLY) SHOULD BE SENT TO THE EDITOR, ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB, P.O. BOX 533, WINTERS, CALIF. 95694. EXTRA COPIES OF THIS PUBLICATION SHOULD BE ORDERED FROM THE PUBLISHER AT ABOVE ADRESS.

HARVEY SEZ
CONTINUED....

PUBLISHED TWENTY YEARS EARLIER.

I REALLY WANTED FUCHS TO BE INTERESTED IN ME + MY COMIC BOOK WORK. I SENT HIM A COUPLE OF MY COMIC BOOK STORIES AND HE SAID HE LIKED THEM, BUT IT WAS PLAIN HE DIDN'T CARE MUCH ABOUT ME OR MY WORK. HEY, THAT'S HIS BUSINESS; HE WAS IN HIS MID-SEVENTIES WHEN I WROTE HIM AND HE'S OLDER NOW. HE PROBABLY JUST WANTS TO TAKE IT EASY. THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS INTELLECTUALLY CURIOUS ARE GONE, I GUESS.

SOMETIMES I THINK ABOUT WHAT I'D DO IF I WERE IN L.A. I COULD CALL HIM UP, ASK TO SEE HIM. BUT THAT QUITE POSSIBLY WOULD BE AWKWARD. HE'D PROBABLY BE POLITE, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE HE WOULDN'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED BY ME. ALSO - AT HIS AGE MAYBE HE WOULD ONLY HAVE A DIM RECOLLECTION, OR NO RECOLLECTION, OF WHO I AM. SO I WON'T BUG HIM. I FEEL LIKE I OWE THE GUY A LOT, BUT IF I TOLD HIM THAT HE'D PROBABLY THINK TO HIMSELF, "YEA, YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT, SONNY BOY. NOW I GOTTA REST."



Your Illustrious Editor... And Your desparate attempts to Capture such Intensity!

Aline
by Sophie
TRUST ME. DARLING
WOULD YOU PUT YOUR LIFE IN THE HANDS OF THIS PERSON?
JEWISH PRINCESS
I GIVE UP! I'M GONNA GET SICK IF I'M NOT CAREFUL!
FIRST THOUGHT UPON CATCHING THIS SIGHT!
Mike Parlette
"BIG HAIR" DRIVES THE YOUNG FELLERS CRAZY!
ENDLESS STREAM OF JIBBER JABBER
...I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THAS ALL I YAM!...
LI'L TOUCHES OF "HIPPIENESS"
SWARTHY, MYSTERIOUS, GYPSY-TYPE LOOKS - OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR CHER BONO!
BIG MUSCLES, SCARES THE YOUNG FELLERS AWAY!
G'WAN + PUNCH IT! YOU'LL BE SOR-RY!
12 PAIRS OF SOCKS!
STYLISH ITALIAN SHITKICKERS
"ARLENE" BY PETER "MORT DRUCKER JR." BAGGE '88
Aline
i'm a jew! i'm a gorgeous, hideous jew! my cat doesn't look jewish at all! this is important, i guess! i want WIERDO to be THE comics mag of the 80's! that's why i primarily print lousy versions of the same old shit by brain-dead holdovers who can't keep track of what year it is! those who can't do, teach; those who can't draw, edit! i'm mrs. crumb!
Love, VX
OH, MAN OF MINE, IS LOVE BOTH A SALVATION AND A CURSE?
B.N.D.
UNBELIEVABLE IMMENSE FAT HAIR
DREADFULLY UNFLATTERING SORRY.
Mike Parlette

Dear Aline,
Here's my submission for the — I see you as: draw the editor contest. Capable, generous, beautiful, in harmony with the elements... and ready to go. (the skates)
Sincerely,
Mrs C. Tyler

Letters cont. oooo

MY DEAR, MY VERY DEAR, MY DEAREST DARLY SNOOKY-WOOKUMS HONEY-BUGGLE ALINE:

WELL I HAVE NEVER SEEN MY MAILBOX BULGE AS IT HAS SINCE YOU PRINTED MY LETTER IN WEIRDO #21. MY MANY FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS ACROSS THE COUNTRY + AROUND THE WORLD HAVE WRITTEN EXPRESSING THEIR OUTRAGE, THEIR DISAPPOINTMENT, AND THEIR CONCERN FOR MY MENTAL STABILITY. YOU SEE, ALINE I'VE BEEN BITCHING + WHINING ABOUT YOUR HANDLING OF WEIRDO SINCE YOU TOOK THE HELM; I DOUBT THAT THERE IS A SINGLE ONE OF MY ACQUAINTANCES I HAVE NOT BORED SILLY WITH A LONG-WINDED RANT ON THE SUBJECT. INDEED I FINALLY BORED MYSELF TO DISTRACTION. IT ALL SEEMED POINTLESS ANYWAY - YOU SEEM TO HAVE WORKED OUT A MORE-OR-LESS CONSISTENT EDITORIAL STYLE WHICH (I ASSUME) IS HELPING KEEP THE MAG AFLOAT, AND YOU SEEM UNLIKELY TO ALTER YOUR ANGLE. SO WHAT THE HELL - WHY NOT CHANGE MY OWN TACTICS, I THOUGHT. WHY SURE - THE BEST WAY TO EXPRESS MY DISGUST WOULD BE TO WRITE A PATENTLY PHONY LETTER OF REGRET - BUT DISGUISED AS A "SINCERE" LETTER. WELL, EITHER I SIMPLY DID MY JOB TOO WELL (I OFTEN DO) OR YOUR READERS WERE SO LULLED BY YOUR EDITORIAL THAT THEY SIMPLY WERE FOOLED BY MY BRILLIANT PARODY OF HUMBLENESS. IT IS ALSO POSSIBLE THAT EVEN A VERY BRIGHT PERSON WHO HAS NOT MET ME PERSONALLY (AND IS UNFAMILIAR WITH MY POTENT - NAY, OVERWHELMING PERSONALITY AND DAZZLING CHARISMA) MIGHT HAVE BEEN TAKEN IN. HOWEVER, LET ME ASSURE YOU, AND MY MANY GOOD FRIENDS WHO ALSO BUY WEIRDO TO READ MY LETTERS THAT I AM FINE. I'M NOT REALLY A VERY HUMBLE PERSON - I HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE - AND I DO THINK THAT TALES OF THE SINISTER HARVEY IS FAR SUPERIOR TO WEIRDO, OR ANY OTHER PUBLICATION, FOR THAT MATTER. I ALSO BELIEVE THAT THE FINE CARTOONISTS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO TALES BLOW BRUCE DUNCAN CLEAN OFF THE MAP! I NOTICE THAT YOU'VE SEEN THE LIGHT VIS A VIS WORDEN + LUNA TICKS, THOUGH - GOOD FOR YOU! GEE WHIZ, THOUGH, ALINE, YOU DIDN'T PUT LUNA'S NAME ON HER OWN DAMN STRIP?! (I FINALLY MET LUNA A COUPLE O' WEEKENDS AGO, AND SHE'S A DAMN GOOD MUSICIAN, TOO -) TSK-TSK!

I SUPPOSE I REALLY SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARSH, ALINE. AFTER ALL, #21 IS PROBABLY THE BEST WEIRDO YOU'VE DONE SO FAR. M. FLEENER GETS BETTER + BETTER. ITS NICE TO SEE ROBERT ARMSTRONG BACK UP TO FORM ONCE AGAIN. "BEACH BLANKET, BEACH BLANKET" AND "I KNOW MEATS" WERE OK... KIND OF ENJOYABLE. "SEX-CRAZED HOUSEWIFE" WAS AWFUL - SO MEANDERING! CAROL ANN TYLER'S STUFF WAS SORT OF SLOW. R. CRUMB, YES, VERY NICE, BUT HERE'S ANOTHER GODDAMN PROSE PIECE I'M SICK OF IT!! WORDEN'S BUMMER WAS A-1 EXCELLENT, OF COURSE, ALSO LUNA TICK'S STRIP (GOOD THOUGH I WAS FAMILIAR WITH HER WORK, EH? OTHERWISE I'D NEVER 'VE KNOWN WHO DREW IT!) SPAIN, VERY NICE BUT WHO CARES? AND THEN THERE IS AGAIN GOOD OL B.N. DUNCAN HOW I HATE HIM!!

SO WHEN DO I GET TO RUN WEIRDO?

LOVE
EDGAR "BOLT" UPRIGHT
CARBORO, N.C.

P.S. I EVEN FOOLED MY OLD PAL EFF INTO BELIEVING MY FABLE OF HUMILITY! HE HAS SPENT SEVERAL WEEKS TRYING TO "BOLSTER MY EGO." I BLAME YOU!!

PPS I NOTICE YOU USED "ALIEN KAZINSKI-CRUMP" AS YOUR BYLINE - EVEN MY CRUELTY IS MORE BRILLIANT THAN YOUR SO-CALLED CREATIVITY!!

READERS... LISTEN I'VE FINALLY FIGURED OUT EDGAR'S MOTIVES + I'M WORRIED... WHILE UNDERMINING + VICIOUSLY ATTACKING ME, HE'S BEEN WRITING GROVELING, SAPPY LETTERS OF ADORATION TO MY HUSBAND! NOW I KNOW, FOR SURE THAT HE WANTS TO DESTROY ME SO HE CAN REPLACE ME AS EDITOR OF WEIRDO AND WIFE OF CRUMB!! WHAT CAN I DO!! SEND ADVICE!!

aline

More Letters oooo

HEY - C'MON ALINE - LEAVE THAT NO-TALENT BUM OF A HUSBAND + GET TOGETHER WITH A REAL MAN - DAVE IS THE EARL SCHEIB OF CARTOONISTS - HE'S GUARANTEED TO GET YOU PRIMED FOR A GREAT PAINT JOB!! GET SOME SATISFACTION! WE KNOW YOU NEED IT - C'MON - YOU DELECTABLE LIL' KNISH, YOU!! OO-YES - DUNK YOUR DONUT IN MY BORSCHT: YES - YOU PLUMP LIL' PORK DUMPLING YOU!! IF INTERESTED, RESPOND TO: DAVE RICKER, 250 FLORAL LANE, WOODRIDGE, N.J., 07075 - I'LL EXPECT A CARD SOON!!

DEAR ALINE,

WEIRDO #21 WAS WONDERFUL. I LOVED BOTH THE BACK COVER + STORY BY WILLIAM CLARK. WE RECENTLY GOT A SUBMISSION FROM HIM TOO, AND IT WILL BE QUITE A FEATHER IN OUR CAP TO PRINT SOMEONE YOU HAVE PRINTED. BEING PUBLISHED IN WEIRDO IS A SORT OF STAMP OF CREDIBILITY. YOU GAVE A BOOST TO PEOPLE LIKE PETER BAGGE AND FRIEDMAN. IT WAS ALSO GREAT TO SEE THAT YOU'VE DISCOVERED LUNA TICKS. I REALLY MISSED DORI SEDA. PLEASE BEG HER FOR SOMETHING! YOU + CRUMB ARE THE RULING FAMILY OF UNDERGROUND COMIX. [ED. NOTE. NOT FOR LONG IF EDGAR HAS HIS WAY!] THAT YOU ARE BOTH SO COMFORTABLE WITH EXPOSING YOUR LIVES IN YOUR WORK IS A STEP FORWARD FOR COMIX. THEY ARE BECOMING SOMETHING CLOSER TO LITERATURE + ART.

I HOPE YOU LIKE QUIMBY + THAT YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT KIND OF GUY I AM, IF I'M VERY SEXUAL, HOW OLD, AND IF I CRAVE OLDER WOMEN? WELL, ALINE, I AM A VERY "ACTIVE" 27 YR. OLD. AND GUESS WHAT? I AM ALSO JUST YOUR TYPE! THAT'S RIGHT. I AM INCREDIBLY THIN, WEAR GLASSES + AM VERY CYNICAL! I LOVE AHT, OF COURSE, AND INTERCOURSE WITH OLDER WOMEN, ESPECIALLY MOTHERS. I AM ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN BEING YOUR GROUPIE FOR A NIGHT OR TWO SINCE MY GIRLFRIEND IS ALWAYS BRAGGING ABOUT THE TIME SHE GAVE A BLOW JOB TO J.R. KING. A NIGHT OF PORKING YOU WOULD SURELY SHUT HER MOUTH! SO NEXT TIME YOUR IN BOSTON, PLEASE BE SURE TO RING ME UP. I'LL DROP EVERYTHING MY SWEET ALINE!

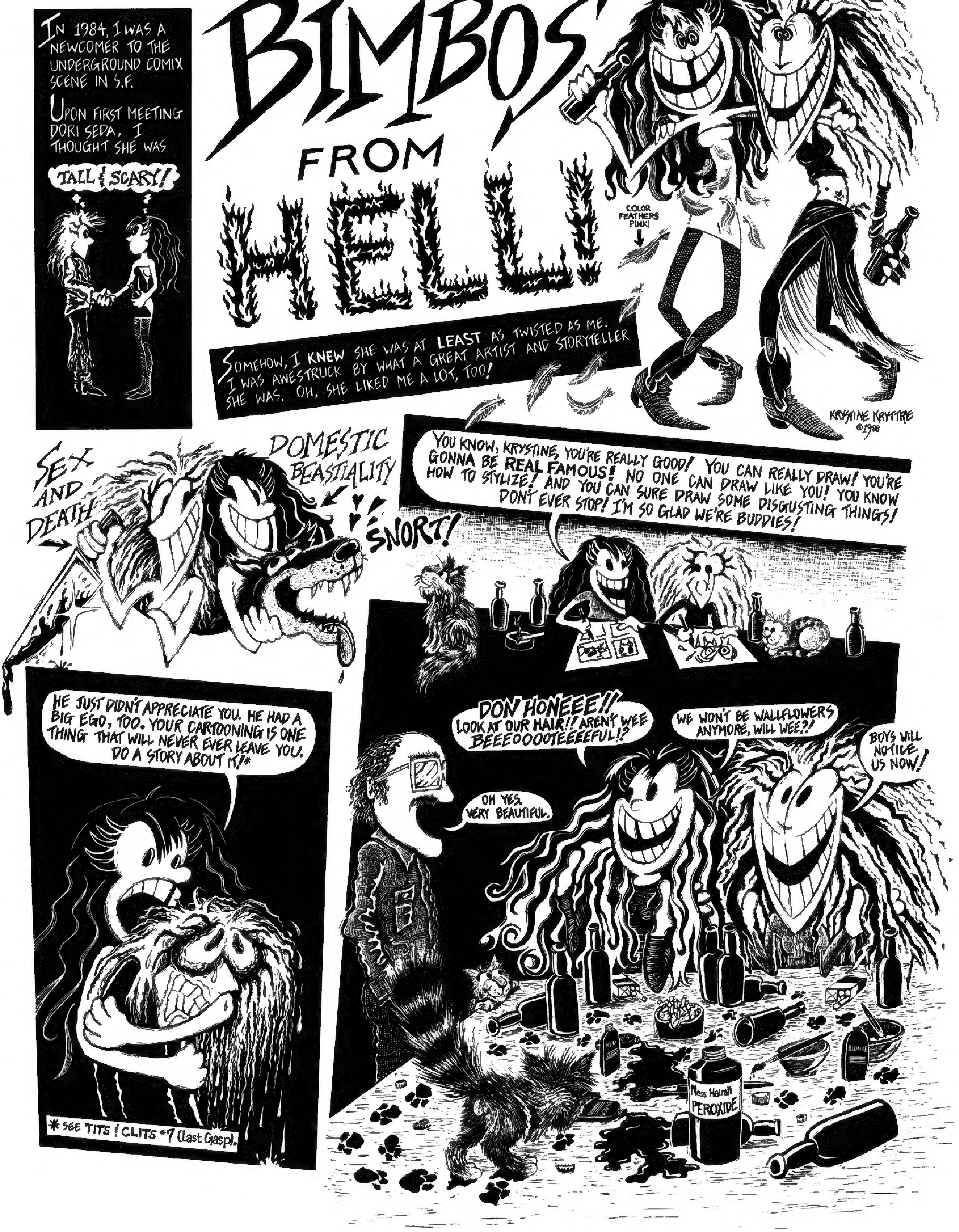
UNFORTUNATELY, I SHOULD ALSO MENTION THAT I HAVE HERPES + A FAIRLY SMALL DICK. I HOPE THIS DOESN'T BOTHER YOU!

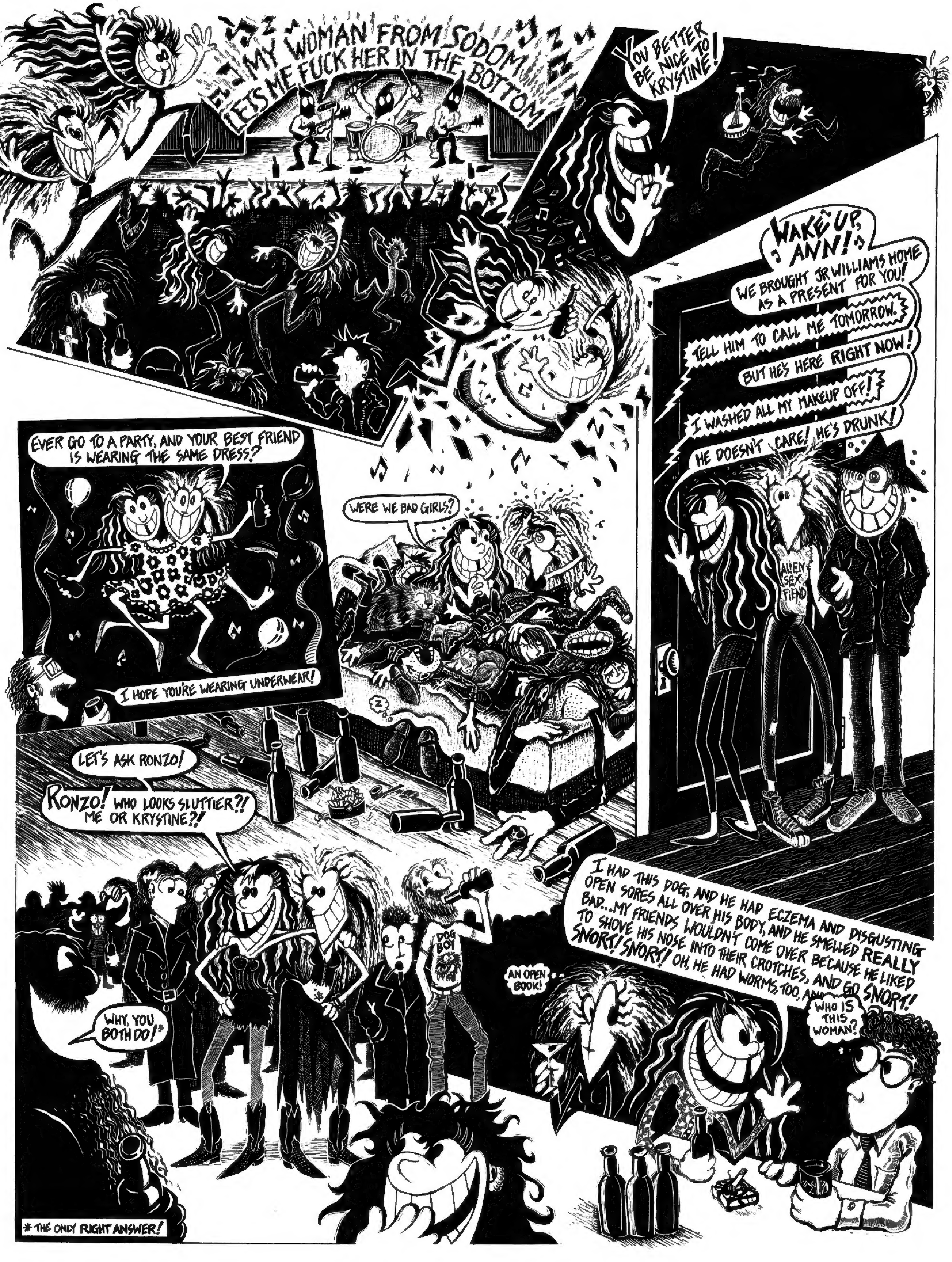
HOPE TO HEAR FROM YOU SOON
LOVE,
STEVEN SVYMBERSKY

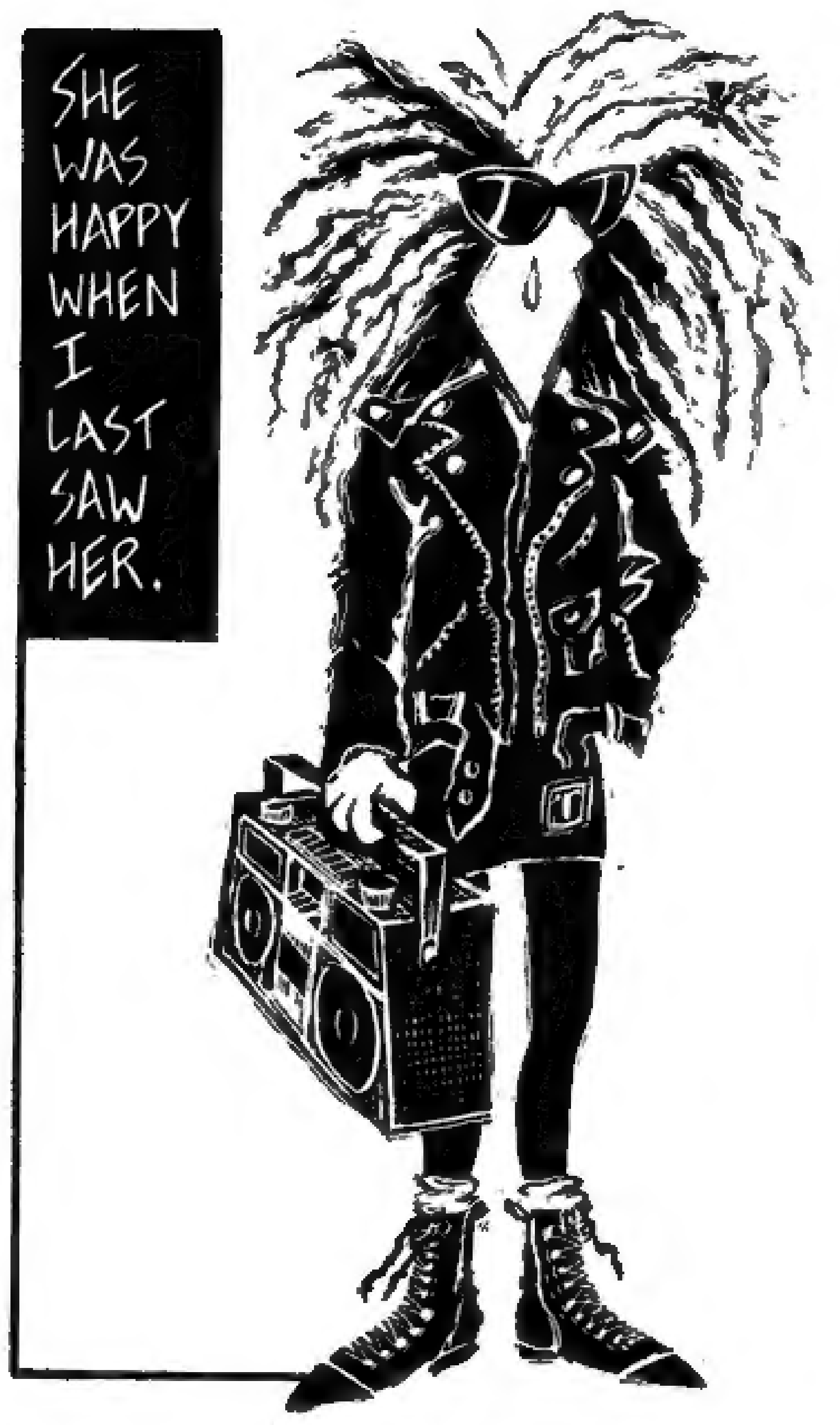
Are You Bored To Death??
IS YOUR MARRIAGE STABLE???
DO YOU SUFFER FROM MENTAL HEALTH???
WELL YOU CAN CHANGE THAT BY RUINING YOUR POSITIVE ATTITUDE + ROTTING YOUR BRAIN WITH...
BACK ISSUES of WEIRDO
Don't wait another minute!!
SEND TODAY!!

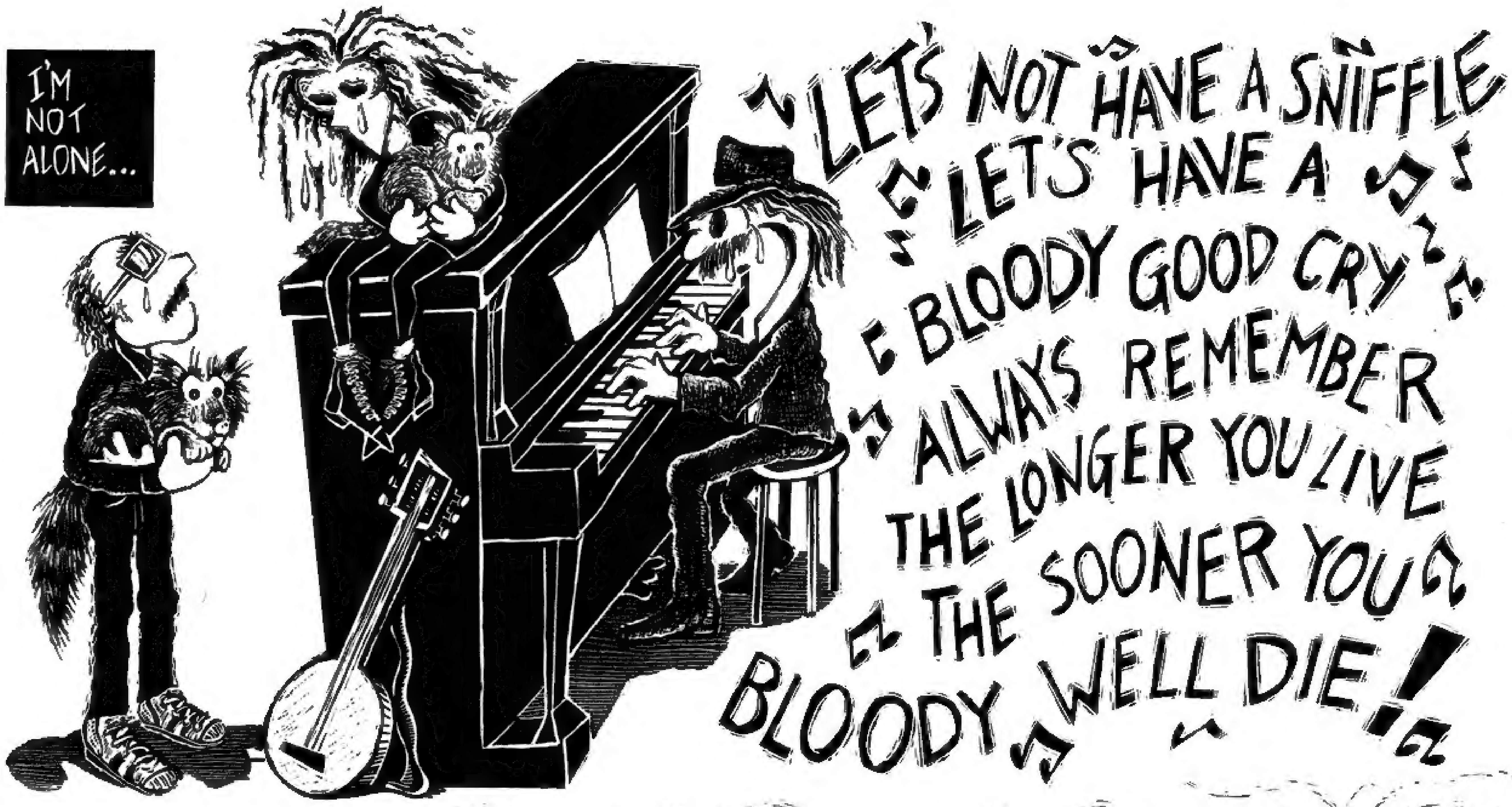
ISSUES 1-4 $2.25 EACH
ISSUES 5-17 $2.50 EACH
ISSUES 18-21 $2.95 EACH
INCLUDE $1.50 POSTAGE WITH YOUR ORDER..

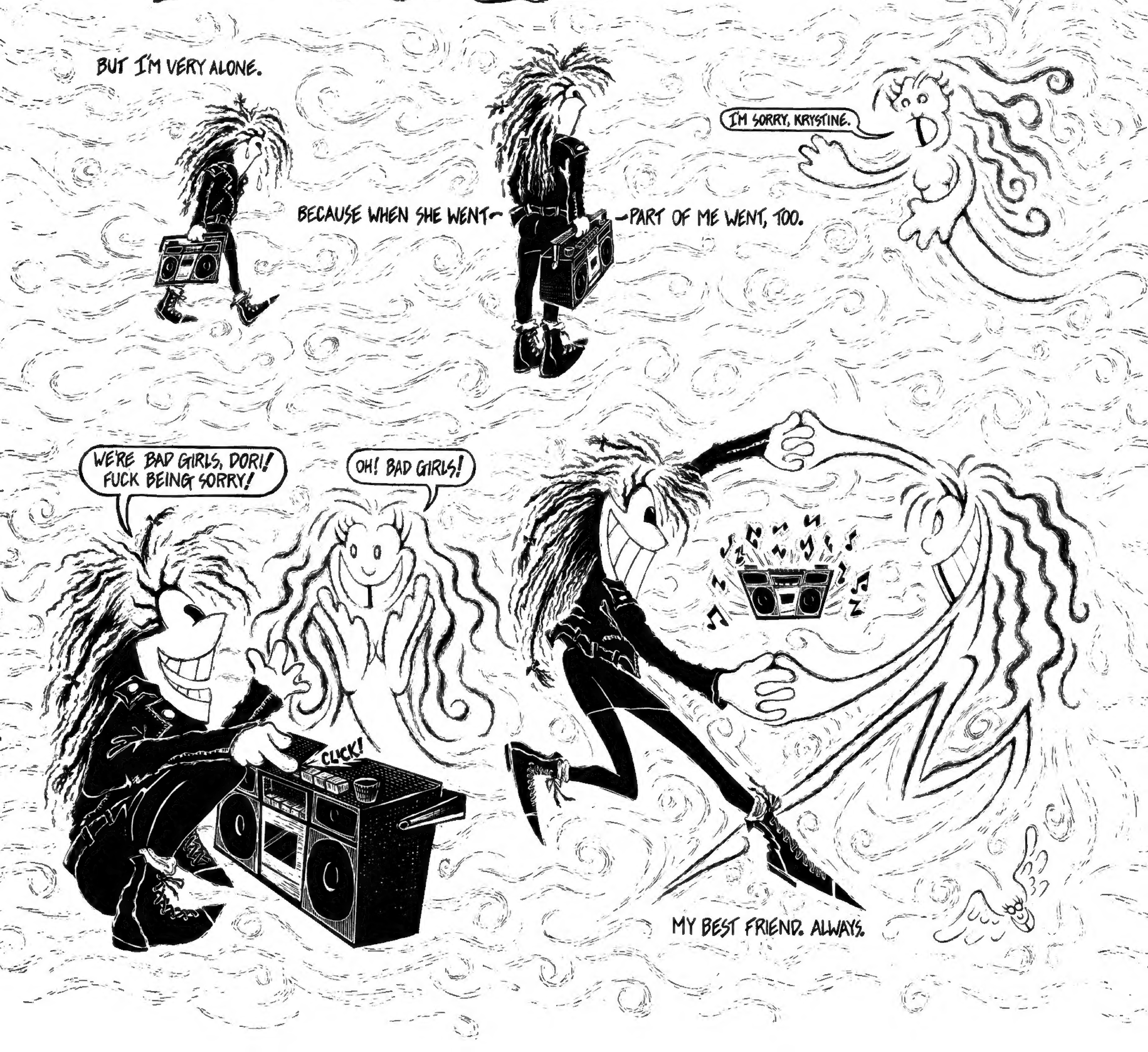
LAST GASP
ECO-FUNNIES
P.O. BOX 410067
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIF. 94141


BIMBOS FROM HELL!
IN 1984, I WAS A NEWCOMER TO THE UNDERGROUND COMIX SCENE IN S.F.
UPON FIRST MEETING DORI SEDA, I THOUGHT SHE WAS
TALL & SCARY!
COLOR FEATHERS PINK!
SOMEHOW, I KNEW SHE WAS AT LEAST AS TWISTED AS ME. I WAS AWESTRUCK BY WHAT A GREAT ARTIST AND STORYTELLER SHE WAS. OH, SHE LIKED ME A LOT, TOO!
KRYSTINE KRYTTRE ©1988
SEX AND DEATH
DOMESTIC BEASTIALITY
SNORT!
YOU KNOW, KRYSTINE, YOU'RE REALLY GOOD! YOU CAN REALLY DRAW! YOU'RE GONNA BE REAL FAMOUS! NO ONE CAN DRAW LIKE YOU! YOU KNOW HOW TO STYLIZE! AND YOU CAN SURE DRAW SOME DISGUSTING THINGS! DON'T EVER STOP! I'M SO GLAD WE'RE BUDDIES!
HE JUST DIDN'T APPRECIATE YOU. HE HAD A BIG EGO, TOO. YOUR CARTOONING IS ONE THING THAT WILL NEVER EVER LEAVE YOU. DO A STORY ABOUT IT!*
DON HONEEE!! LOOK AT OUR HAIR!! AREN'T WEE BEEEOOOOTEEEEFUL!?
WE WON'T BE WALLFLOWERS ANYMORE, WILL WEE?!
BOYS WILL NOTICE US NOW!
OH YES. VERY BEAUTIFUL.
RED
BLONDE
Mess Hairall PEROXIDE
* SEE TITS & CLITS #7 (Last Gasp).

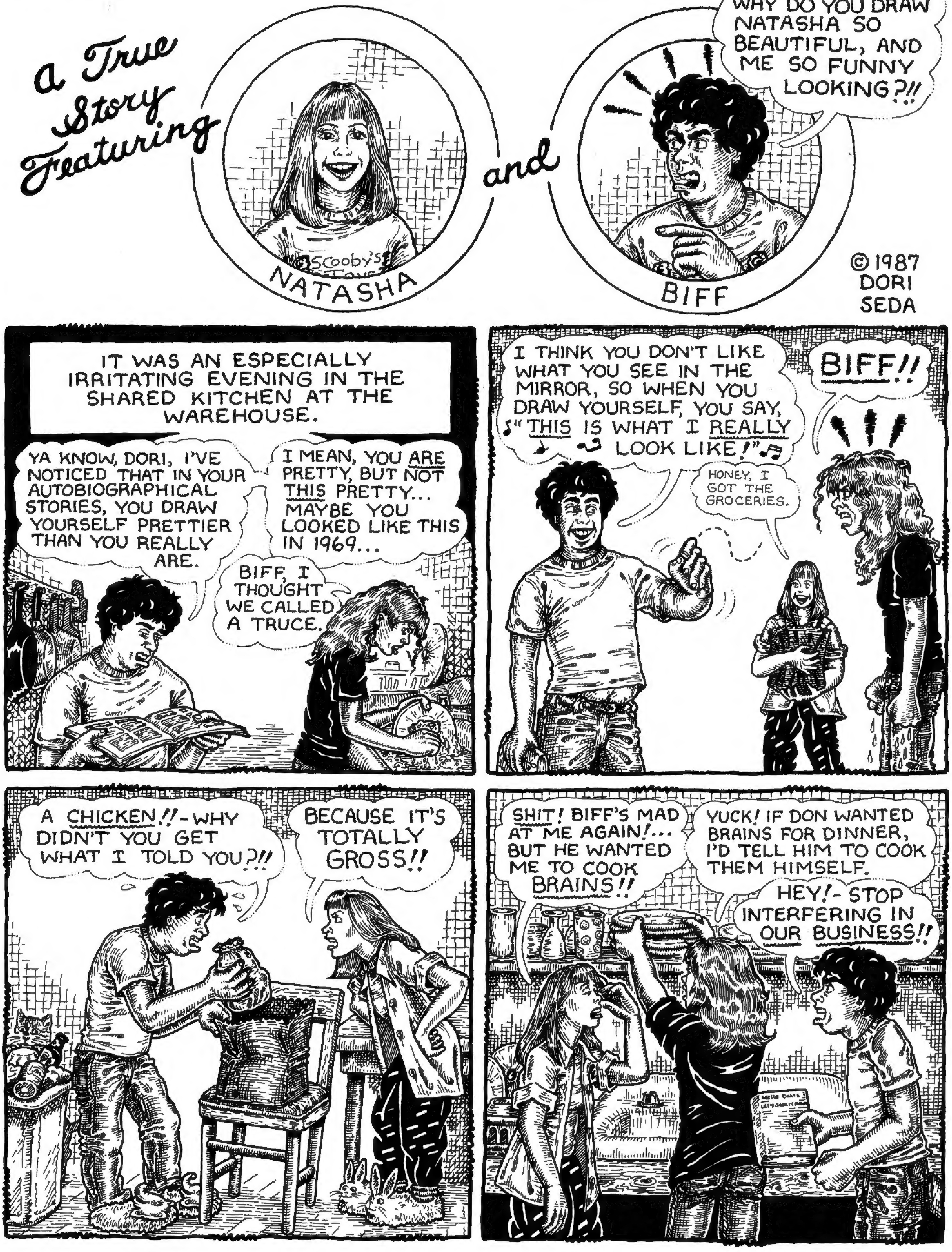

MY WOMAN FROM SODOM LETS ME FUCK HER IN THE BOTTOM
YOU BETTER BE NICE TO KRYSTINE!
WAKE UP, ANN!
WE BROUGHT JR WILLIAMS HOME AS A PRESENT FOR YOU!
TELL HIM TO CALL ME TOMORROW.
BUT HE'S HERE RIGHT NOW!
I WASHED ALL MY MAKEUP OFF!
HE DOESN'T CARE! HE'S DRUNK!
EVER GO TO A PARTY, AND YOUR BEST FRIEND IS WEARING THE SAME DRESS?
I HOPE YOU'RE WEARING UNDERWEAR!
WERE WE BAD GIRLS?
Z
ALIEN SEX FIEND
LET'S ASK RONZO!
RONZO! WHO LOOKS SLUTTIER?! ME OR KRYSTINE?!
WHY, YOU BOTH DO!*
DOG BOY
I HAD THIS DOG, AND HE HAD ECZEMA AND DISGUSTING OPEN SORES ALL OVER HIS BODY, AND HE SMELLED REALLY BAD...MY FRIENDS WOULDN'T COME OVER BECAUSE HE LIKED TO SHOVE HIS NOSE INTO THEIR CROTCHES, AND GO SNORT! SNORT! SNORT! OH, HE HAD WORMS, TOO, AN
AN OPEN BOOK!
WHO IS THIS WOMAN?
* THE ONLY RIGHT ANSWER!


SHE WAS HAPPY WHEN I LAST SAW HER.

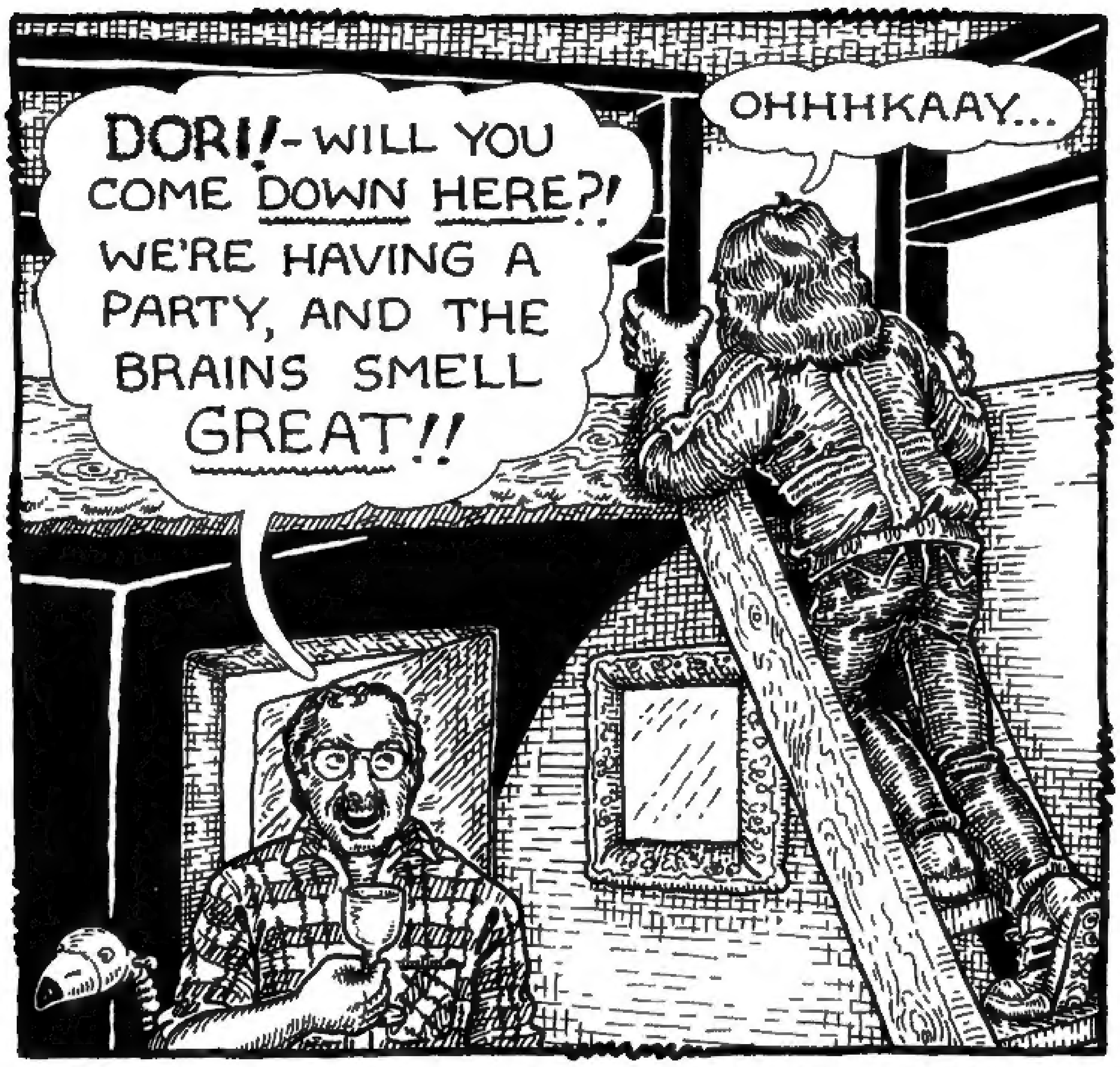

I'M NOT ALONE...
LET'S NOT HAVE A SNIFFLE
LET'S HAVE A
BLOODY GOOD CRY
ALWAYS REMEMBER
THE LONGER YOU LIVE
THE SOONER YOU
BLOODY WELL DIE!

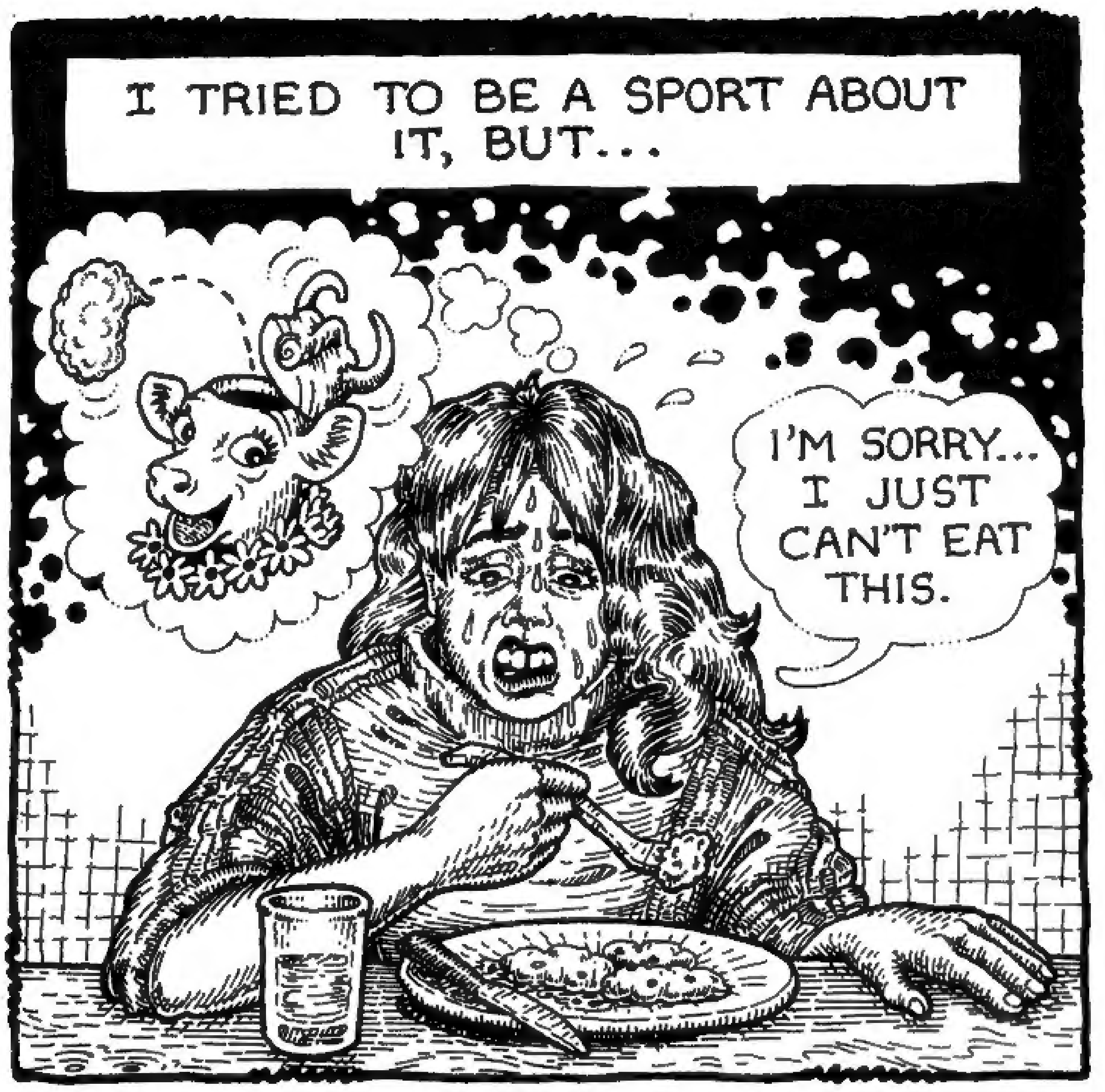

BUT I'M VERY ALONE.
BECAUSE WHEN SHE WENT—
—PART OF ME WENT, TOO.
I'M SORRY, KRYSTINE.
WE'RE BAD GIRLS, DORI! FUCK BEING SORRY!
OH! BAD GIRLS!
CLICK!
MY BEST FRIEND. ALWAYS.

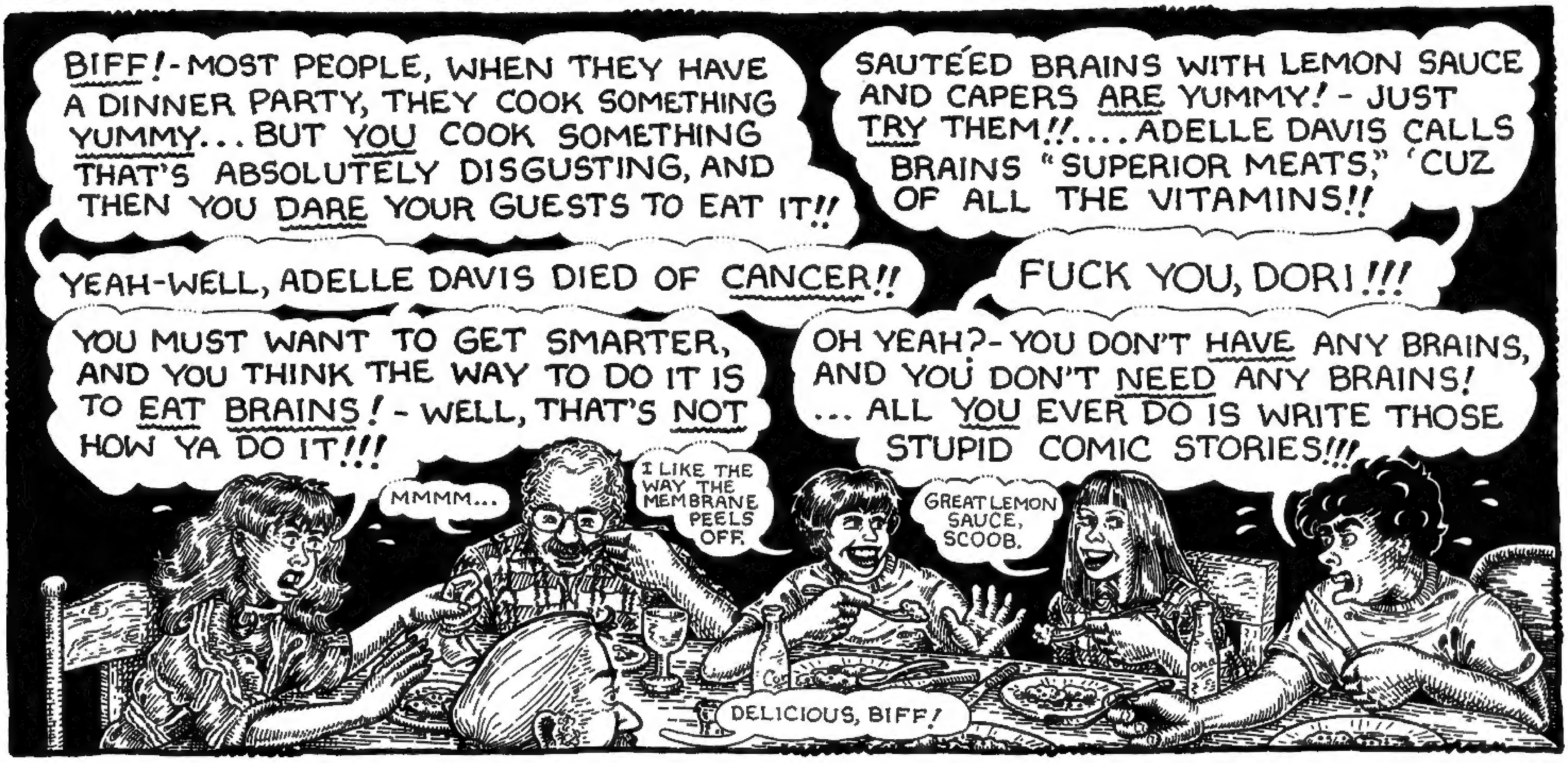
Let's Eat Brains

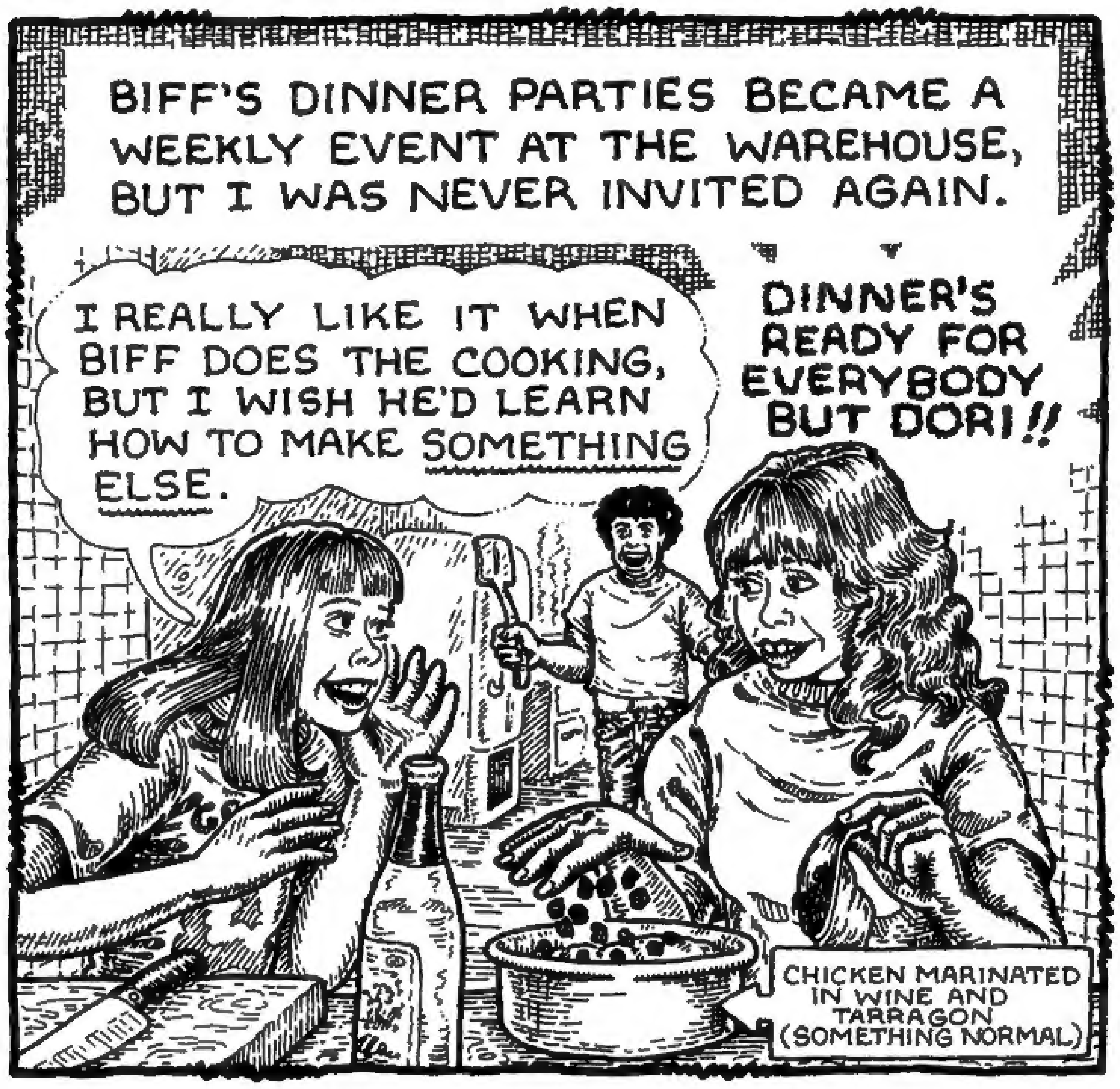

a True Story Featuring
NATASHA
and
BIFF
WHY DO YOU DRAW NATASHA SO BEAUTIFUL, AND ME SO FUNNY LOOKING?!!
Scooby's
© 1987 DORI SEDA
IT WAS AN ESPECIALLY IRRITATING EVENING IN THE SHARED KITCHEN AT THE WAREHOUSE.
YA KNOW, DORI, I'VE NOTICED THAT IN YOUR AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORIES, YOU DRAW YOURSELF PRETTIER THAN YOU REALLY ARE.
I MEAN, YOU ARE PRETTY, BUT NOT THIS PRETTY... MAYBE YOU LOOKED LIKE THIS IN 1969...
BIFF, I THOUGHT WE CALLED A TRUCE.
I THINK YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU SEE IN THE MIRROR, SO WHEN YOU DRAW YOURSELF, YOU SAY, ♪"THIS IS WHAT I REALLY LOOK LIKE!"♫
BIFF!!
HONEY, I GOT THE GROCERIES.
A CHICKEN!!-WHY DIDN'T YOU GET WHAT I TOLD YOU?!!
BECAUSE IT'S TOTALLY GROSS!!
SHIT! BIFF'S MAD AT ME AGAIN!... BUT HE WANTED ME TO COOK BRAINS!!
YUCK! IF DON WANTED BRAINS FOR DINNER, I'D TELL HIM TO COOK THEM HIMSELF.
HEY!- STOP INTERFERING IN OUR BUSINESS!!

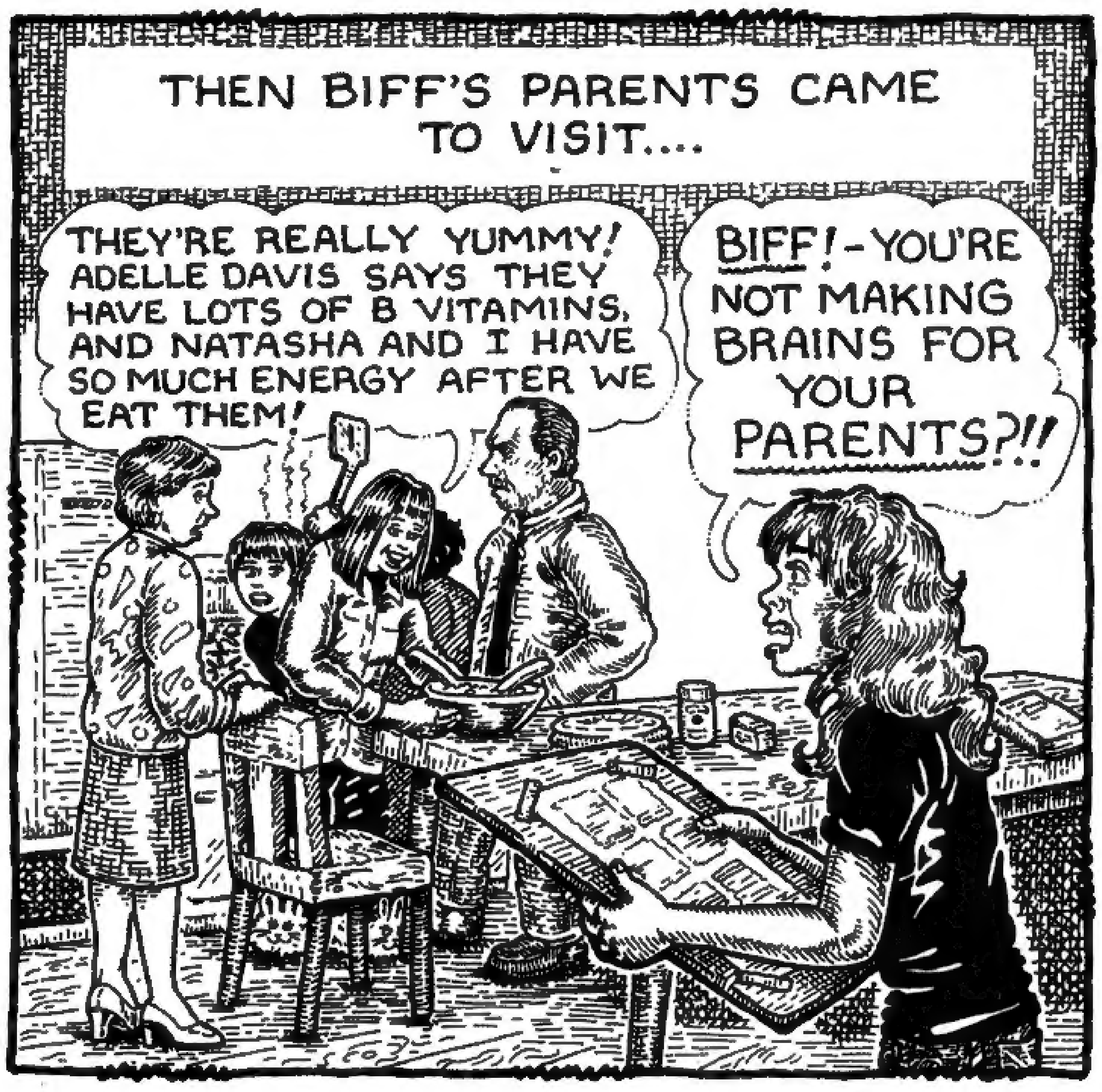
NA-TA-SHA! IT SAYS HERE, IN ADELLE DAVIS' "LET'S COOK IT RIGHT," THAT BRAINS ARE THE RICHEST SOURCE OF B VITAMINS.
AND LISTEN TO ALL THESE YUMMY RECIPES..... "SAUTE'ED BRAINS WITH LEMON SAUCE," ..."CREAMED BRAINS,".... "BRAIN SALAD"...
YOU GIRLS JUST DON'T HAVE ANY SENSE OF ADVENTURE!!
HMMM... ALL I NEED IS SOME MASKING TAPE AND A MARKER.
Adelle Davis LET'S COOK IT RIGHT
THUD!
Adelle Davis
LET'S EAT BRAINS
HEH-HEH
LATER...
TEE-HEE!
YOU'RE REAL FUNNY, DORI... I JUST LOOKED THROUGH YOUR COOKBOOK, AND LISTEN TO THIS! "BAKED BRAINS," ..."BROILED BRAINS"...
YOUR COOKBOOK SHOULD BE CALLED "THE JOY OF BRAINS!!"
JOY
THEN ONE EVENING BIFF CAME INTO MY STUDIO.
HEY THANKS! WHAT TIME?
WAIT A SECOND... WHY IS BIFF BEING SO NICE TO ME?
I'M MAKING DINNER TONIGHT, AND YOU AN' DON ARE INVITED!
UH - BIFF?... WHAT ARE YOU MAKING FOR DINNER?
BRAAAINS.
UH-THANKS, BUT I'LL PASS THIS TIME.


DORI!-WILL YOU COME DOWN HERE?! WE'RE HAVING A PARTY, AND THE BRAINS SMELL GREAT!!
OHHHKAAY...

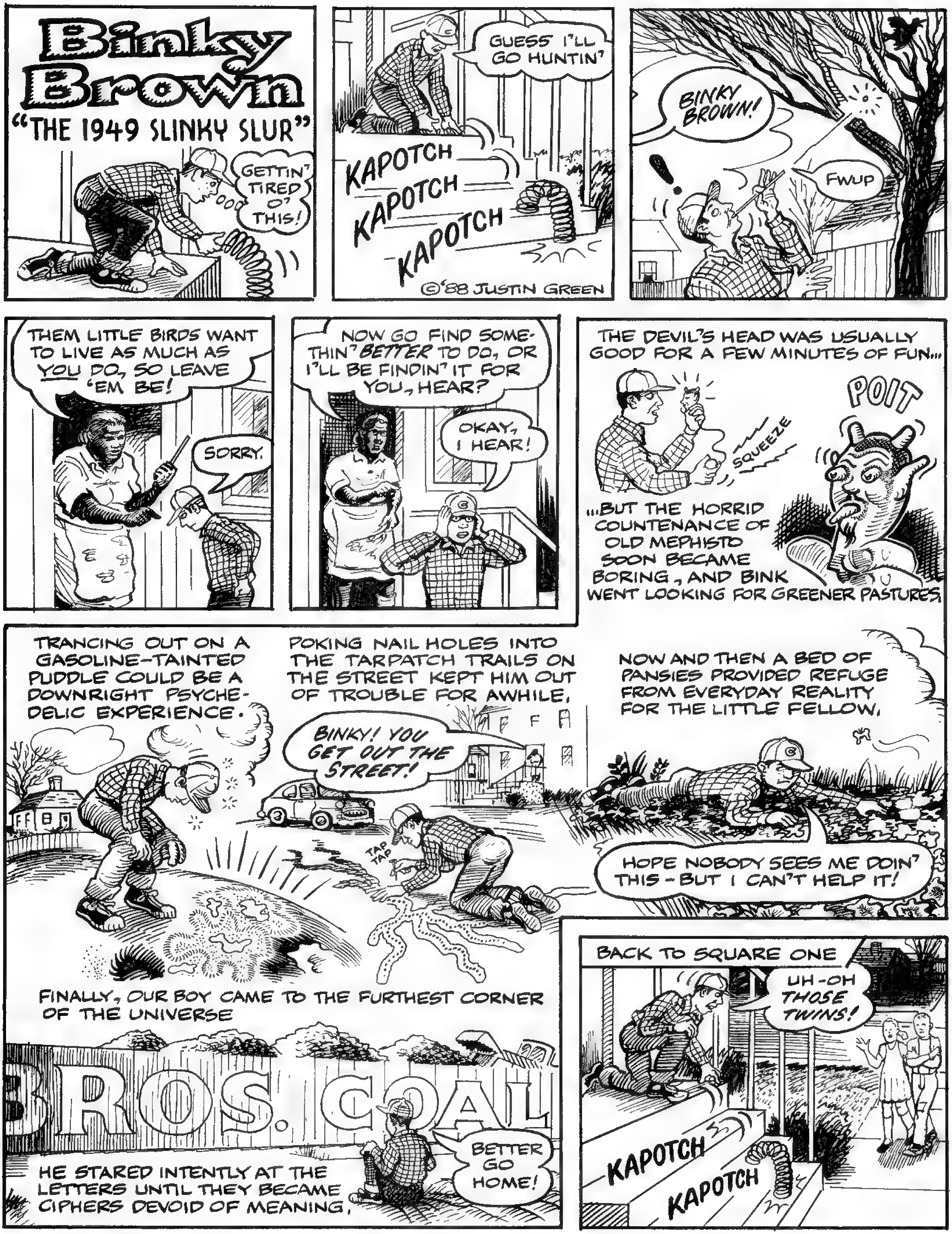

I TRIED TO BE A SPORT ABOUT IT, BUT...
I'M SORRY... I JUST CAN'T EAT THIS.

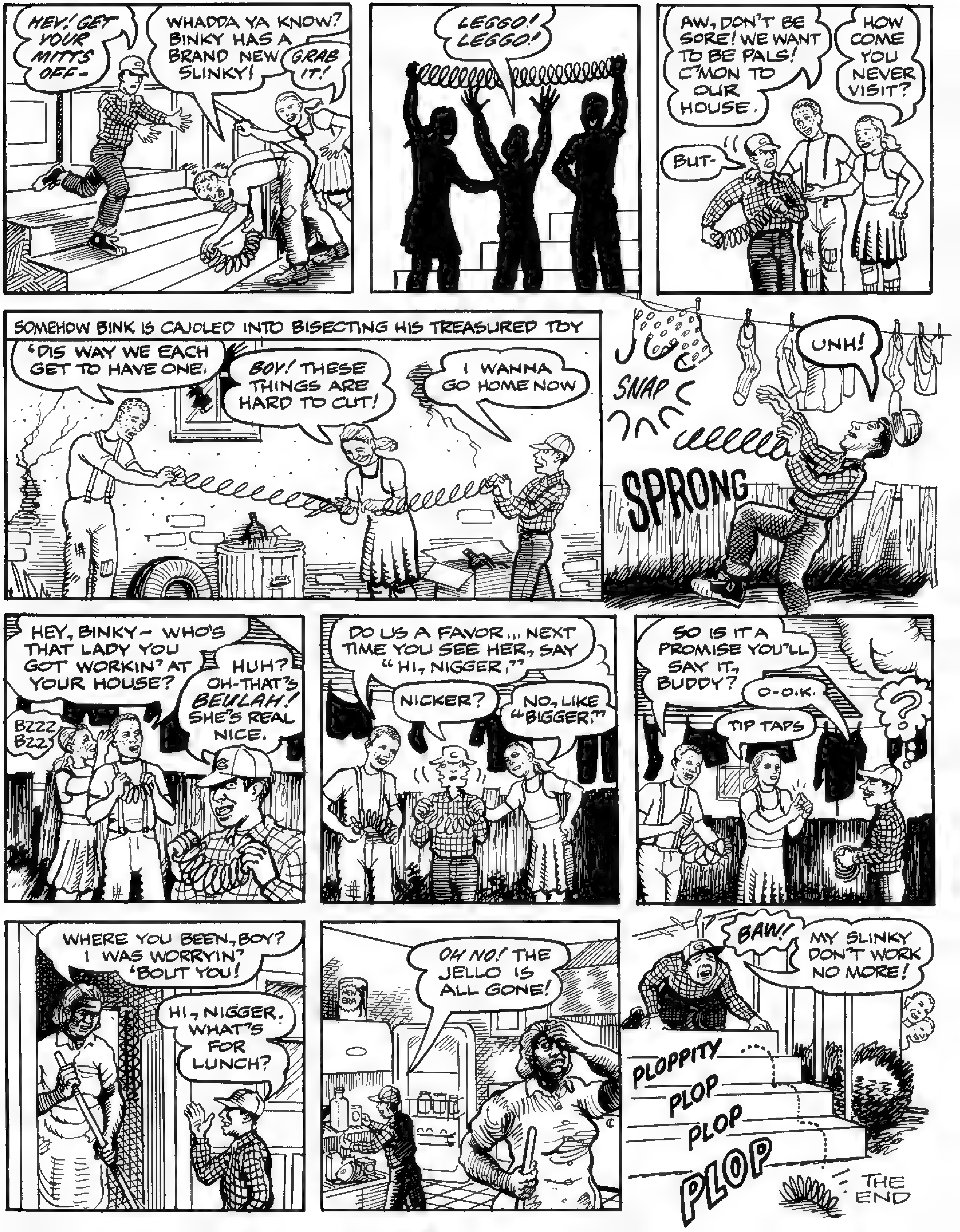

BIFF!-MOST PEOPLE, WHEN THEY HAVE A DINNER PARTY, THEY COOK SOMETHING YUMMY... BUT YOU COOK SOMETHING THAT'S ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING, AND THEN YOU DARE YOUR GUESTS TO EAT IT!!
SAUTÉED BRAINS WITH LEMON SAUCE AND CAPERS ARE YUMMY!-JUST TRY THEM!!.... ADELLE DAVIS CALLS BRAINS "SUPERIOR MEATS," 'CUZ OF ALL THE VITAMINS!!
YEAH-WELL, ADELLE DAVIS DIED OF CANCER!!
FUCK YOU, DORI!!!
YOU MUST WANT TO GET SMARTER, AND YOU THINK THE WAY TO DO IT IS TO EAT BRAINS!-WELL, THAT'S NOT HOW YA DO IT!!!
OH YEAH?-YOU DON'T HAVE ANY BRAINS, AND YOU DON'T NEED ANY BRAINS! ... ALL YOU EVER DO IS WRITE THOSE STUPID COMIC STORIES!!!
MMMM...
I LIKE THE WAY THE MEMBRANE PEELS OFF.
GREAT LEMON SAUCE, SCOOB.
DELICIOUS, BIFF!


BIFF'S DINNER PARTIES BECAME A WEEKLY EVENT AT THE WAREHOUSE, BUT I WAS NEVER INVITED AGAIN.
I REALLY LIKE IT WHEN BIFF DOES THE COOKING, BUT I WISH HE'D LEARN HOW TO MAKE SOMETHING ELSE.
DINNER'S READY FOR EVERYBODY BUT DORI!!
CHICKEN MARINATED IN WINE AND TARRAGON (SOMETHING NORMAL)


THEN BIFF'S PARENTS CAME TO VISIT....
THEY'RE REALLY YUMMY! ADELLE DAVIS SAYS THEY HAVE LOTS OF B VITAMINS, AND NATASHA AND I HAVE SO MUCH ENERGY AFTER WE EAT THEM!
BIFF!-YOU'RE NOT MAKING BRAINS FOR YOUR PARENTS?!!

YOU DON'T LIKE BRAINS EITHER? - I'M WITH YOU!
LET'S GO TO A RESTAURANT!!
DON'T LISTEN TO DORI! - SHE WON'T EVEN TRY BRAINS!! SHE'S JUST A TROUBLEMAKER!!
THAT NIGHT I HAD INSOMNIA.
MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO GO TO SLEEP IF I HAVE SOME SNACKY.
SHIT. NOTHING IN OUR REFRIGERATOR BUT BREWSKIS AND CAT FOOD.
HMMM...THEY LEFT SOME BRAINS ON THE STOVE. NOW MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO TRY SOME, WITHOUT BIFF AROUND TO GLOAT AT ME.
UHHH...MUSHY.
BLAAAAGHH!!!
The End


Binky Brown
"THE 1949 SLINKY SLUR"
GETTIN' TIRED O' THIS!
GUESS I'LL GO HUNTIN'
KAPOTCH
KAPOTCH
KAPOTCH
©'88 JUSTIN GREEN
BINKY BROWN!
!
FWUP
THEM LITTLE BIRDS WANT TO LIVE AS MUCH AS YOU DO, SO LEAVE 'EM BE!
SORRY.
NOW GO FIND SOMETHIN' BETTER TO DO, OR I'LL BE FINDIN' IT FOR YOU, HEAR?
OKAY, I HEAR!
THE DEVIL'S HEAD WAS USUALLY GOOD FOR A FEW MINUTES OF FUN...
SQUEEZE
POIT
...BUT THE HORRID COUNTENANCE OF OLD MEPHISTO SOON BECAME BORING, AND BINK WENT LOOKING FOR GREENER PASTURES.
TRANCING OUT ON A GASOLINE-TAINTED PUDDLE COULD BE A DOWNRIGHT PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE.
POKING NAIL HOLES INTO THE TARPATCH TRAILS ON THE STREET KEPT HIM OUT OF TROUBLE FOR AWHILE,
BINKY! YOU GET OUT THE STREET!
TAP TAP
NOW AND THEN A BED OF PANSIES PROVIDED REFUGE FROM EVERYDAY REALITY FOR THE LITTLE FELLOW,
HOPE NOBODY SEES ME DOIN' THIS - BUT I CAN'T HELP IT!
FINALLY, OUR BOY CAME TO THE FURTHEST CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE
BROS. COAL
HE STARED INTENTLY AT THE LETTERS UNTIL THEY BECAME CIPHERS DEVOID OF MEANING,
BETTER GO HOME!
BACK TO SQUARE ONE
UH-OH THOSE TWINS!
KAPOTCH
KAPOTCH

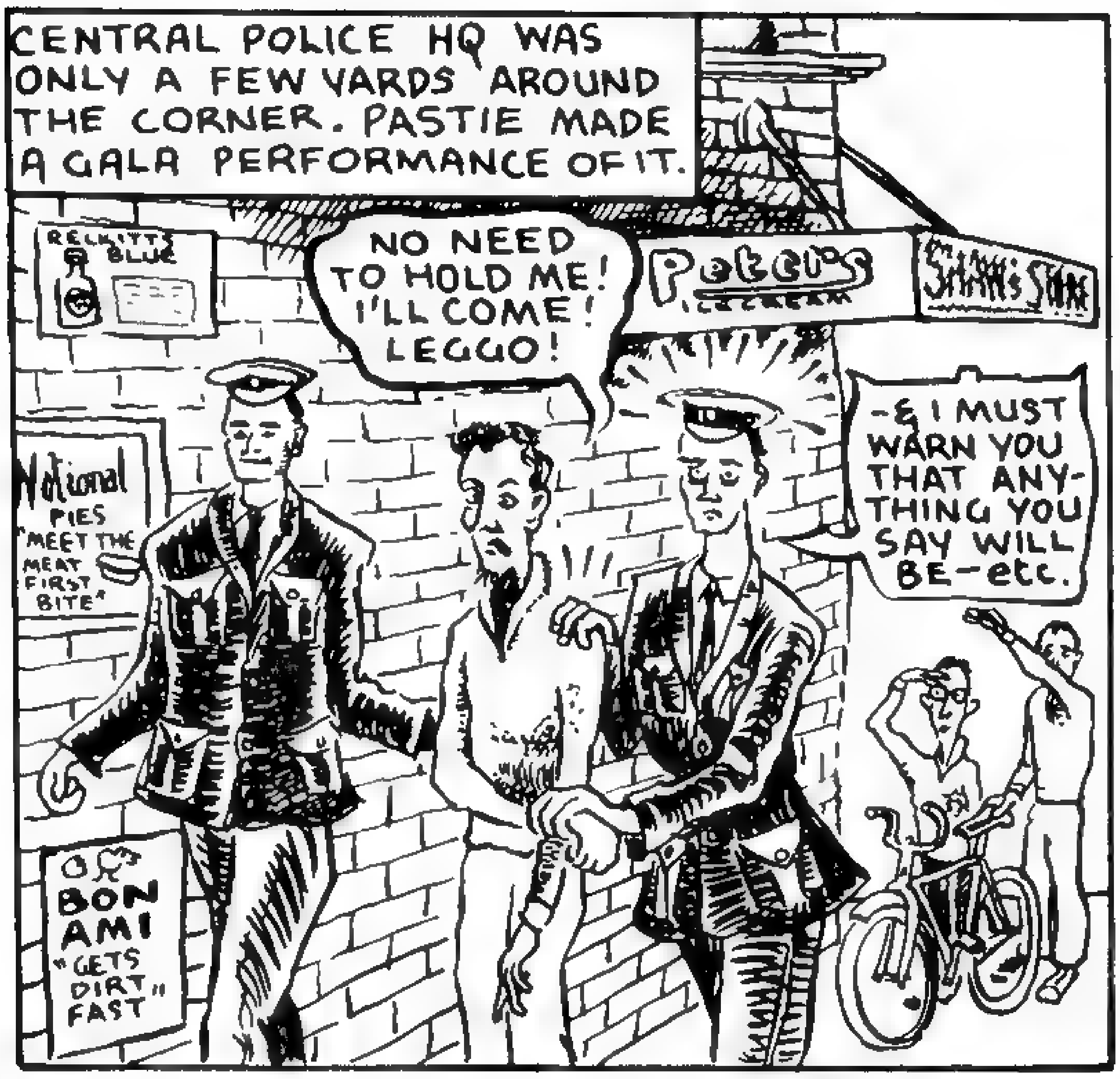

HEY! GET YOUR MITTS OFF-
WHADDA YA KNOW? BINKY HAS A BRAND NEW SLINKY!
GRAB IT!
LEGGO! LEGGO!
AW, DON'T BE SORE! WE WANT TO BE PALS! C'MON TO OUR HOUSE.
HOW COME YOU NEVER VISIT?
BUT-
SOMEHOW BINK IS CAJOLED INTO BISECTING HIS TREASURED TOY
'DIS WAY WE EACH GET TO HAVE ONE.
BOY! THESE THINGS ARE HARD TO CUT!
I WANNA GO HOME NOW
SNAP
UNH!
SPRONG
HEY, BINKY- WHO'S THAT LADY YOU GOT WORKIN' AT YOUR HOUSE?
HUH? OH-THAT'S BEULAH! SHE'S REAL NICE.
BZZZ BZZ
DO US A FAVOR... NEXT TIME YOU SEE HER, SAY "HI, NIGGER,"
NICKER?
NO, LIKE "BIGGER,"
SO IS IT A PROMISE YOU'LL SAY IT, BUDDY?
O-O.K.
TIP TAPS
?
WHERE YOU BEEN, BOY? I WAS WORRYIN' 'BOUT YOU!
HI, NIGGER. WHAT'S FOR LUNCH?
NEW ERA
OH NO! THE JELLO IS ALL GONE!
BAW!
MY SLINKY DON'T WORK NO MORE!
PLOPPITY
PLOP
PLOP
PLOP
THE END

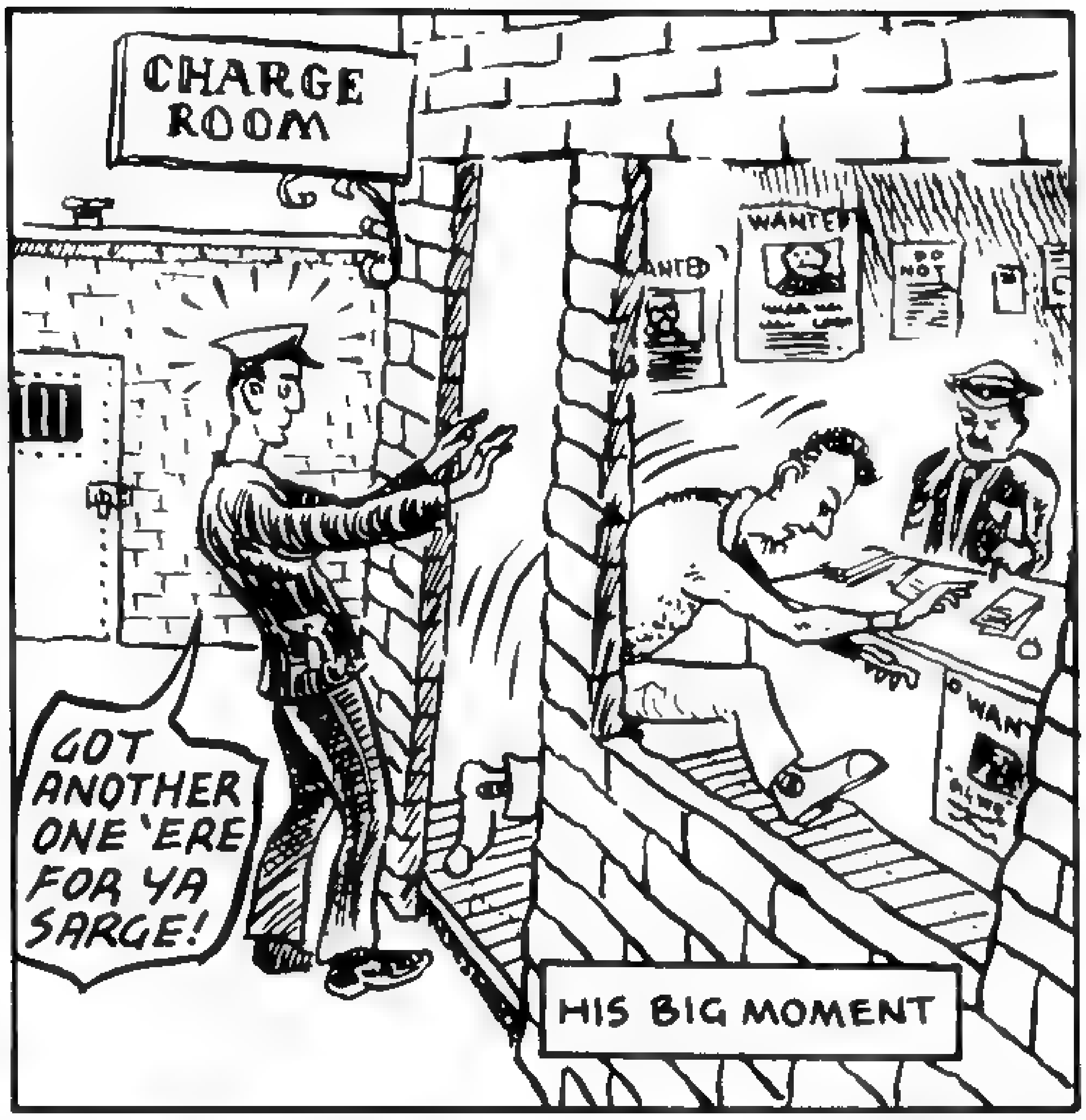
The Captain™ is unsure what to call this factual account:
©1987 ELLE
"My First Arrest,"
#10
"MY LAST INCARCERATION,
I 'OPE!
or
"THE WRITING'S STILL ON THE WALL"
JUNE 1957
YOU SURE YER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE SON?
YAIR I AM – BUT ONLY JUST. ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO...
HM, WELL, IN YA GO SONNY!
GAWD, WOT A STINK!
FUCK THIS FOR A JOKE! LOOK WHAT THESE DIRTY OLD BUGGARS'VE DONE IN HERE!
OH CRIPES
I HATE TO THINK WHAT'S GOIN' ON ROUND THERE
USE TOILET ←
GROAN...
URG..
GRUNT
ARR
I HAVENT REALLY DONE ANYTHING TO DESERVE THIS!
I WISH I'D NEVER MET THAT TONY PASTOR!
THIS ISN'T THE FIRST MISERY HE'S CAUSED ME EITHER...
SGT PUCK IS A BIG ARSEHOLE
I KNEW HE WAS A PRICK THE FIRST TIME I SAW HIM~ DEMONSTRATING HIS HAIR GROOMING TECHNIQUE IN THE TOILET AT HIGH SCHOOL.
FIRST YA GOTTA GROW A NICE LONG BIT ON ONE SIDE – SEE –
YAIR PASTIE
–THEN YA USE LOTSA WATER & MAKE A NICE BIG WAVE.
PET PET
ITS THE LATEST STYLE.
I JUST STARTED IT!
HMF.
I ALREADY HAD NATURAL CURLY HAIR – SORT OF...
ONCE HE AND SOME OF HIS PALS PLAYED A DIRTY TRICK ON ME.
IT FELL APART WHEN DRY
WE WANCHA TO COME ARNOLD! THERE'LL BE DRUMS FOR YA TO PLAY, & GIRLS, & BOOZE, & PRIZES. YA'LL GET A LIFT HOME...
FAIR DINKUM LOOKIN' party Invitation

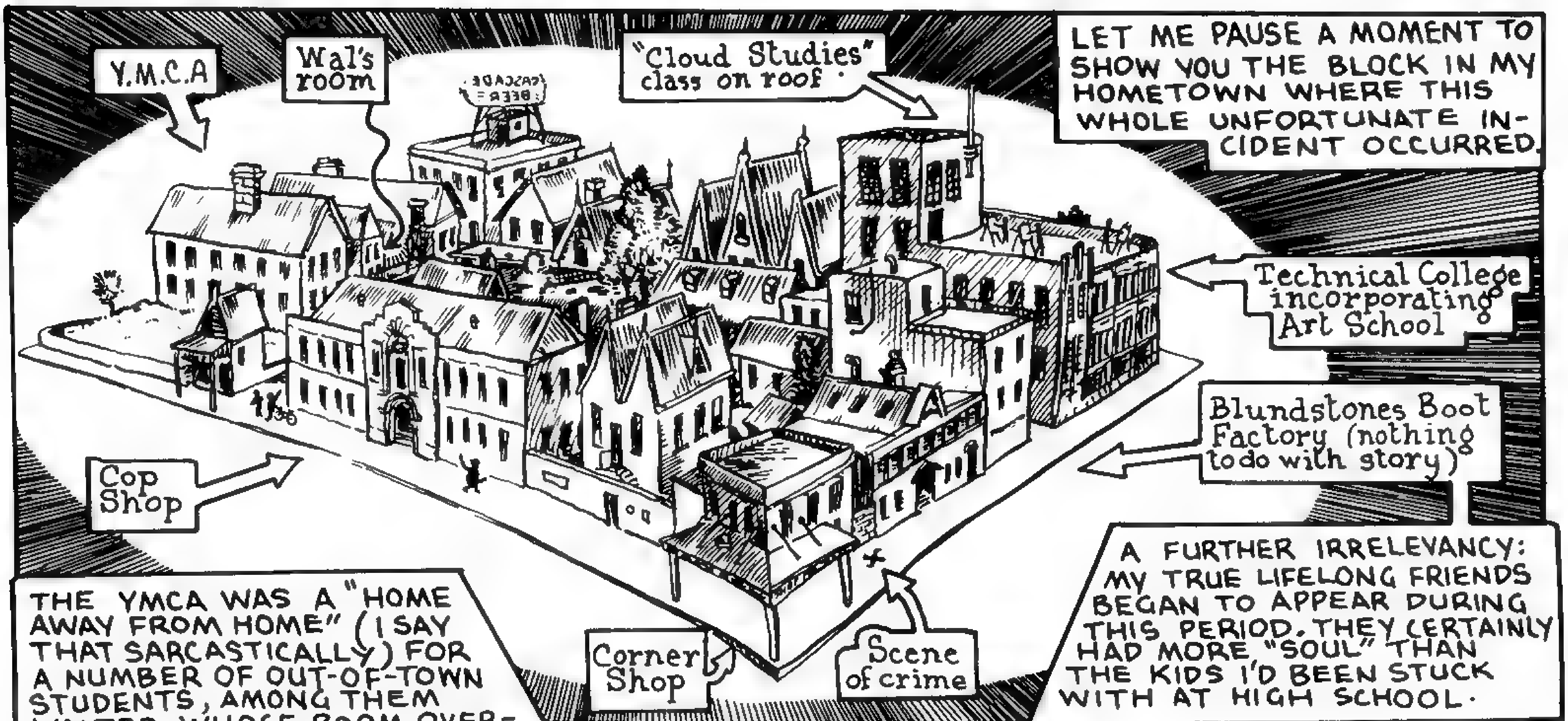
I HAD TO WALK A MILE TO THE TRAM, ANOTHER MILE LOOKING FOR A NONEXISTENT CHURCH HALL, & BACK AGAIN ON A WET WINDY WEDNESDAY NIGHT IN WINTER.
ROYAL HOBART SHOWGROUNDS
ASSERS ECUTED
BOVRIL
BON AMI CLEANER
Persil
SILK & TEXTILE MANUFACTURING CO.
SHORT BACK & SIDES COURTESY OF ME DAD
-THAT WAS THE LAST TRAM. I HATE THIS GLOOMY ROAD! I'LL RUN TO THE LIGHT... IT'S THE ONLY ONE. WOT A BASTARD!
ANOTHER TIME I HAPPENED TO SIT NEAR HIM ON THE RIVERBANK BY A MUDDY BAY WITH A JETTY. IT WAS CALLED GROVE ROAD "BEACH"!
COP THIS ARNOLD!
UR, HUR HUR HURR...?
BOPP
OUCHER! WOT ARE YA? YA ROTTEN SADISTIC MUG!
YOU COULD CLIMB A TREE & SEE INTO THE GIRLS CHANGING SHED. ITS GONE NOW, LIKE MY YOUTH. IT STANK, TOO...
1956
PITY, AINT IT?
1987
THE POINT IS, I COULD SEE "PASTIE" WAS POLICE FORCE MATERIAL. BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D EVER ARREST ME.
THE LAST DAY! 'ERE Y'ARE CREEK! YOU C'N 'AVE ME CAP!
SWAGGER
WATCH IT BOYS! HERE COME TWO JUNIOR CONSTABLES! THEY DO TYPING UPSTAIRS...
STRIKE ME PINK! IT'S TONY PASTOR!
ANYWAY, WHEN I LEFT SCHOOL I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF HIM. BUT- ONE LUNCHTIME, DURING THE FIRST TERM AT ART SCHOOL -

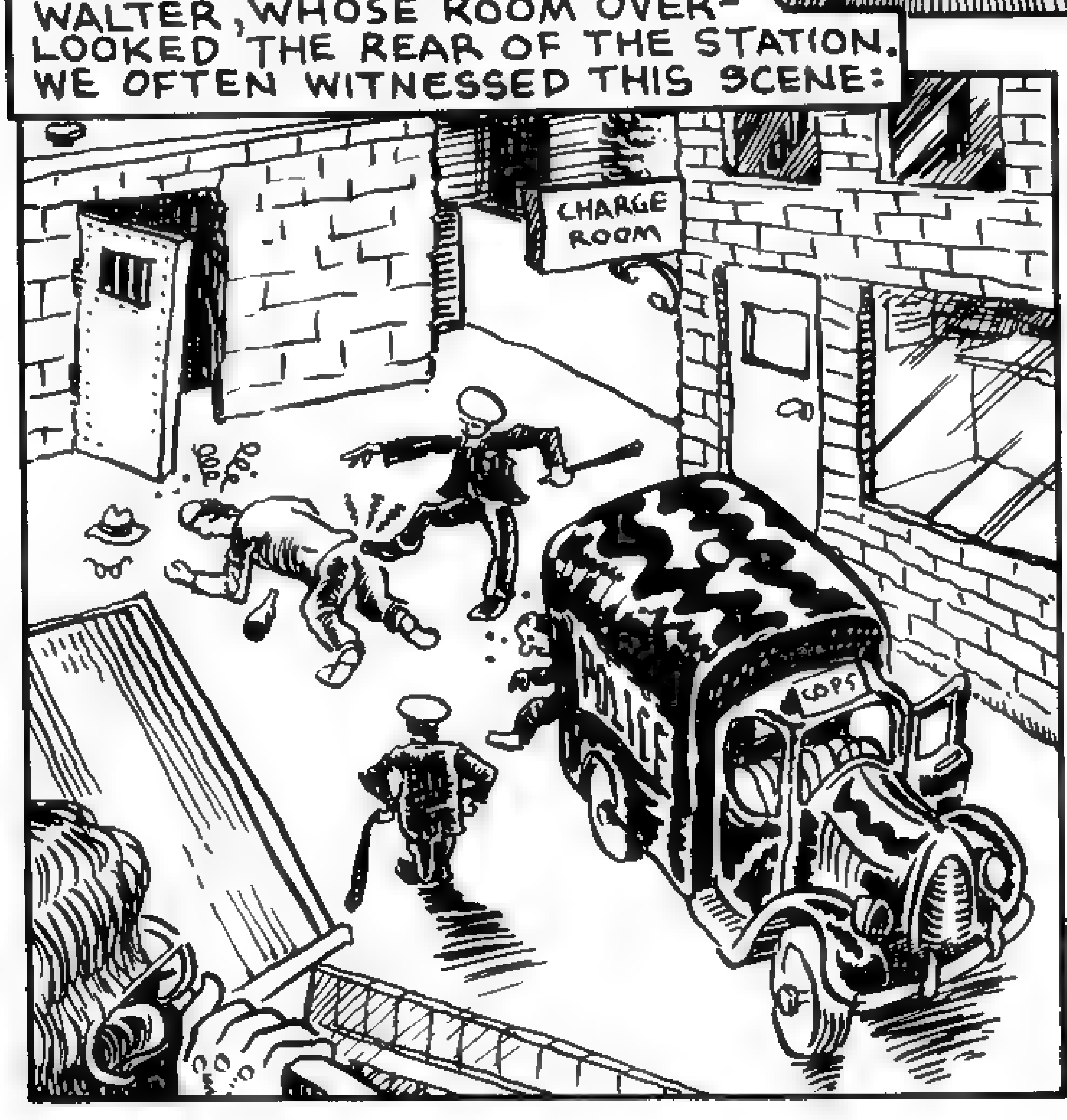
SUDDENLY, HE OSTENTATIOUSLY PROCEEDED TO BOOK A CAR FOR PARKING TOO NEAR THE CORNER.
HM! HM!
?
A J.C!
HAR HAR HAR HAR
SAUNTER
WOT AN EFFICIENT OFFICER! WOT AN OFFICIOUS OFFICIAL! WOT A MUG COPPER!
FAIR GO! YA SHOULD TAKE ACRID MEASUREMENTS!
A=POLICEMAN'S=LOT=IS=NOT=A=HAPPY=ONE HAPPY ONE =WE=RUN=THEM=IN= =WE=RUN=THEM=IN
AFTER THAT, WE SEIZED EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO STIR THEM UP & PERHAPS INTRODUCE SOME CULTURE INTO THEIR LIVES.
HOBART TECHNICAL COLLEGE
=WE=SHOW=THEM=WE'RE=THE BOLD= JOHN-DARMS
C'MON DAN! WE'LL GIT 'EM!
HA! TOLD YA THEY'D USE THE LIFT!
1 2 3 4
FLOOR 1 ART DEPA FINE ART D PAINTING CAS PRINTING W DRAWING ERC WEAVING POTT
IT WAS GREAT FUN -
THERE GO THEIR BIG FLAT J.C's FEET!
DRINKS SMOKES SWEETS PIES SANDWICHES ROLLS
FULL NAME.
KELPIE.
DONT GET SMART!
?
THEN CAME THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN I HAPPENED UPON A CONTENTIOUS TABLEAU OUTSIDE THE CORNER SHOP.

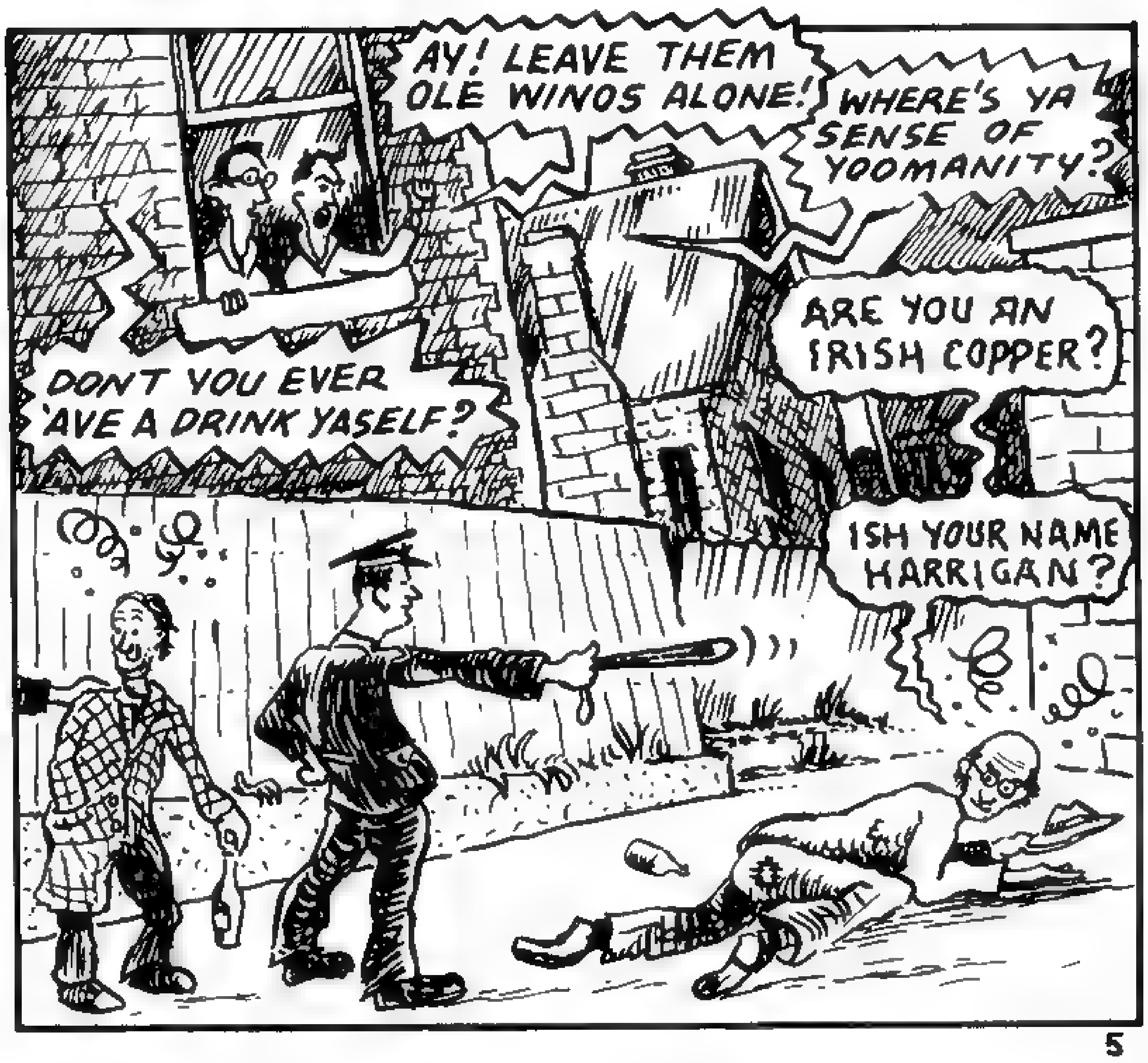
WHAT'S GOIN' ON, WAL?
AR, KELPIE WHEELED HIS BIKE ACROSS TO PARK IT & PASTIE'S BOOKIN' HIM FOR RIDIN' ON THE FOOTPATH!
WHAT?! SERIOUSLY PASTIE- YOU'RE NOT A JUNIOR CONSTABLE—
YOU'RE NOT EVEN A JUNIOR CUNT!
NUK NUK NUK
THE OFFENCE IS COMMITED!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST ARNOLD!
JC
DONT SHIT ME PASTIE!
GIT 'IM DAN!
MISTER! PLEASE! STOP 'EM!! THEY'RE TRYIN' TO ARREST ME FOR NOTHIN'! STOP 'EM PLEASE!
NOTHIN' TO DO WITH ME!
BIG SMIRK
LEGGO THE CAR ARNOLD
JUST THEN, PASSING ON FOOT, CAME A DECENT MOTORBIKE COP WHO WAS WELL KNOWN TO ALL THE YOUNG HOONS WITH CARS, WITH WHOM I USED TO HANG ABOUT TOWN AFTER DARK.


CENTRAL POLICE HQ WAS ONLY A FEW YARDS AROUND THE CORNER. PASTIE MADE A GALA PERFORMANCE OF IT.
RECKITT'S BLUE
Peter's ICE CREAM
National PIES "MEET THE MEAT FIRST BITE"
NO NEED TO HOLD ME! I'LL COME! LEGGO!
-& I MUST WARN YOU THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE-etc.
BON AMI "GETS DIRT FAST"


CHARGE ROOM
WANTED
WANTED
GOT ANOTHER ONE 'ERE FOR YA SARGE!
HIS BIG MOMENT


Y.M.C.A
Wal's room
"Cloud Studies" class on roof
LET ME PAUSE A MOMENT TO SHOW YOU THE BLOCK IN MY HOMETOWN WHERE THIS WHOLE UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT OCCURRED.
Technical College incorporating Art School
Blundstones Boot Factory (nothing to do with story)
Cop Shop
Corner Shop
Scene of crime
A FURTHER IRRELEVANCY: MY TRUE LIFELONG FRIENDS BEGAN TO APPEAR DURING THIS PERIOD. THEY CERTAINLY HAD MORE "SOUL" THAN THE KIDS I'D BEEN STUCK WITH AT HIGH SCHOOL.
THE YMCA WAS A "HOME AWAY FROM HOME" (I SAY THAT SARCASTICALLY) FOR A NUMBER OF OUT-OF-TOWN STUDENTS, AMONG THEM WALTER, WHOSE ROOM OVERLOOKED THE REAR OF THE STATION. WE OFTEN WITNESSED THIS SCENE:


CHARGE ROOM
POLICE
COPS


AY! LEAVE THEM OLE WINOS ALONE!
WHERE'S YA SENSE OF YOOMANITY?
ARE YOU AN IRISH COPPER?
DON'T YOU EVER 'AVE A DRINK YASELF?
ISH YOUR NAME HARRIGAN?

BUT, AS I SAID, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D WIND UP IN HERE! HOW CAN I CONVEY MY ABJECT DESPAIR? IT WAS QUITE INARTISTIC.
THIS DONT SEEM SOMEHOW FAIR...
WAD THEY GITCHA FOR?
ZZZZZ
ROUAULT!!! URSULA!! BRAQUE!
I'LL SAVE THIS.
FINALLY, ABOUT AN HOUR LATER
COME ON SON.
?
YOU'VE BIN BAILED.
WHO BAILED ME?
NEVER MIND THAT-
CHARGE ROOM
COURT OF PETTY SESSIONS
-YOU GOTTER COME BACK FER COURT AT TEN O'CLOCK TOMORRA MORNIN'
IF YOU DONT TURN UP, THEN YOU WILL BE IN TROUBLE.
NO, I'LL BE THERE... THANKS.
POLICE OFFICE
THEY MUST BE LETTIN' ME GO 'COS THEY FEEL SORRY FOR ME.
POLICE
I WAS ONLY A NAIVE BOY.
NEXT DAY
AFTER A BRIEF WAIT, I KNEW I WAS ON NEXT WHEN ALL THE FEMALES WERE SENT OUT.
KEITH LINDSAY ARNOLD!
KEITH LINDSAY ARNOLD!!
KEITH LINDSAY ARNOLD!!!
WHY 3X?
MUST BE SOME KIND OF PERVERSION CASE...
AY LINZ, I THINK YER WANTED.

THE ARRESTING OFFICER'S EVIDENCE
–AND HE SAID "YOU'RE NOT A JUNIOR CONSTABLE!
YOU'RE JUST A CUNT!"
THERE WERE SEVERAL GIRLS FROM THE TYPING SCHOOL PASSING BY AT THE TIME.
THE DEFENDANT'S PLEA
I NEVER SAID THAT. WHAT I SAID WAS: "–YOU'RE NOT EVEN A JUNIOR CUNT". IT WAS MEANT TO BE A PUN – A PLAY ON WORDS, A JOKE, THAT'S ALL. AND THERE WERE NO GIRLS NEARBY.
DO YOU WANT TO CALL ANY WITNESSES?
NO
THEY'LL ONLY CALL BIG DAN & IT'LL GO ON FOREVER! I DONT WANNA BOTHER KELPIE & WAL ANYHOW..
THIS WAS PROBABLY A MISTAKE –OR SO I WAS TOLD LATER BY MY RELIABLE WITNESSES... BUT I DIDN'T CARE MUCH.
THE VERDICT
FINED TWO POUNDS.
WHERE DO I PAY?
THROUGH THERE.
THE REASON I COULD PAY WITH SUCH ALACRITY: OUR STUDENT TEACHERS ALLOWANCE WAS TWELVE POUNDS EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS & ELEVENPENCE A FORTNIGHT. (£12'18'11) MY BOARD AT HOME WAS ONLY £2 A WEEK – WHEREAS THE GUYS AT THE Y.M.C.A HAD TO PAY £6 A WEEK. –THIS LEFT THEM 18/11d FOR 2 WEEKS' POCKET MONEY (ABOUT $1·90)
LOOKIT THIS LIDDLE BEWDY!
'OW MUCH WAS IT, WAL?
ONLY EIGHTEEN & SIX.
WOT WILL YA DO WITH YA FIVEPENCE CHANGE?
AFTER I'D PAID THE LUDICROUS FINE–
PST, SON! I'VE 'AD A TALK TO THE REPORTERS SO THEY'LL KEEP IT OUTTA THE PAPER.
OH, THANKS VERY MUCH – I HOPE THEY DONT GIVE IT A BLURB!
IF THE OLD MAN FINDS OUT I'LL BE RIGHT IN THE SHIT.

NEXT DAY I WAS RELIEVED TO FIND NO MENTION IN THE LOCAL RAG. HOWEVER, MORE DRAMA ENSUED AT THE COLLEGE:
HE NEEDS TO BE TOLD!
PAISTE IS A MUG
AW KELPIE! YA'LL GET ME IN MORE STRIFE!
YOU DID THIS ARNOLD!
PAISTE IS A MUG
NO I NEVER. LOOK HOW IT'S SPELT! I KNOW HOW TO SPELL YOUR NAME.
WELL WHO DONE IT THEN?
IT WAS PROBABLY GOD!
IT'S GOTTER BE GOT RID OF, SEE?!!
CUNT CUNT CUNT CUNT CUNT
YES SHERIFF
7.AM
PAISTE IS A MUG
KELPIE TRIED TO WASH IT OFF, BUT HE'D USED DRAWING CHARCOAL, & IT SEEPED INTO THE STONE.
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AFTER HEAVY RAIN, IT WAS STILL PERFECTLY LEGIBLE.
(the freckled frog of fate)
BUT:
BY THEN I'D STARTED TO RELAX ABOUT ANY FURTHER POSSIBLE REPERCUSSIONS FROM THE HOME FRONT OR THE ED. DEPT.
HEY KLAH!
LOOKIT THIS BOY! YER FAMOUS!
LAERTES
ANATOMY II
BONE STRUCTURE
Truth
IT'S NO JOKE TO SWEAR AT A COP!
OH CHRIST!
THERE I WAS, IN BLACK & WHITE ON THE BACK PAGE (WHERE EVERYONE LOOKS FIRST) OF THE MOST SCURRILOUS SCANDAL SHEET, WHICH EXCLUSIVELY COVERED RAPES, MURDERS, CARNAL KNOWLEDGE, & ALL GORY FACETS OF SALACIOUS LOWLIFE SENSATIONALISM.
EXTRA FINAL
THE Truth
MIRACULOUS! SUBSTANCE!
3d
IT'S NO JOKE TO SWEAR AT A COP!
Keith Lindsay Arnold (18)
of 4 Rothesay Circle Goodwood discovered this the hard way when he was found guilty of indecent language AND blah
TIPS
Boat Shindler
Races
Bonny Lad
Gully Trap
Bay Lady
Rocky
Your Choice
Greyhounds
Bunny Boy
Willing
Pride
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL
"JUST A JOKE"
INDECENT CHARGE
BON AMI CLEANER GETS DIRT FAST
£5-5-0
cheep

IT IS INDELIBLY EVIDENT THAT THIS WHOLE EPISODE HAD A LASTING EFFECT UPON MY LITTLE LIFE.
AH WELL, GOODBYE MISTER CHIPS...
The machinations of bureaucratic Nemesis
DEPT OF ED. citizen factories since Adam was a boy
K.L.Arnold
Dear Sir, We wish to advise that your studentship has been terminated. ie: you is sacked, pal. All the best,
WHEN THE TIME CAME TO RECEIVE NOTIFICATION OF WHICH SCHOOL I WAS POSTED TO AS A TEACHER, I GOT THIS INSTEAD
YAIR, IT WAS CERTAINLY NO JOKE FOR ME, DEAR READER! MY CAREER WAS RUINED, MY FAMILY WAS BUGGED AT ME, I'D HAD A NASTY EXPERIENCE I COULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT, & I WAS TWO QUID DOWN... I SUPPOSE IT'S WHAT COMES FROM BEING A SMART ALECK & A WISE GUY. HUH.
THE CAPTAIN
NOW ITS TIME FOR A FLASH-FORWARD OR FOOT-NOTE.
17 YEARS LATER, & 1000 MILES AWAY
BRISBANE 1974
YEAH MAN, I THINK THEY FELT SORRY FOR ME 'COZ I WUZ BAWLIN' & I WUZ ONLY A BOY-
!
I'D BUMPED INTO MARCUS, ANOTHER OLD FRIEND FROM THOSE DAYS, & WE WERE REMINISCING. I GOT ONTO THE SUBJECT OF MY INCARCERATION.
ARF FARF
ARF ARF
WOTTERYA LARFIN' AT?
YA DREAMY BEMUSED NITWIT! THEY DONT FEEL SORRY FOR YA-
I BAILED YER!
BUT- BUT YOU WERENT THERE!
NO, BUT I CAME ALONG WHILE WAL & KELPIE WERE STILL HANGIN' ROUND, SO I WENT IN & PAID YER BAIL - 5 QUID - DIDNT THEY TELL YA?
WELL I'LL GO 'OY! THIS'S THE FIRST I'VE HEARD OF IT!
-I KNEW ME MONEY WAS SAFE. YA FRONTED IN COURT DIN YA? HOW FAR AWAY'S THE PUB?

SO MY EYES WERE OPENED... BUT THAT WASN'T THE ONLY TIME I WAS BAILED OUT BY MARCUS! I CAN NEVER REPAY WHAT I OWE THAT GUY—
ABC NEWS
HE WOULD HAVE BEEN 50 ON MAY 28 THIS YEAR — WHICH IS ALSO MY OWN BIRTHDATE! I'M SURE NOBODY WILL MIND IF I DEDICATE THIS TO HIM, & DEPICT HIM AS A CHOOK AT THE START OF HIS CAREER IN SHOW-BIZ.
HELLO WORLD!
MARCUS COONEY 1937 - 1987
AND THAT WAS HOW I INTENDED TO CONCLUDE THIS STORY - UNTIL I TURNED ON THE LOCAL NEWS TELECAST LAST NITE:
NEWS
SIEGE AT SUBURBAN STORE
—ACCORDING TO THE POLICE OFFICER IN CHARGE, INSPECTOR TONY PASTOR—
!!
AY? WOT?
AFTER BARRICADING THE STREET, MY MEN GUNNED DOWN-ER-- APPREHENDED THE CRIMINALS & RESTORED ORDER
INSP. TONY PASTOR
HE'S DONE WELL!
UNEXPECTEDLY SEEING PASTIE AGAIN BROUGHT IT ALL BACK TO ME—
THE TAIN
I DONT BELIEVE IT!
AFTER THIRTY YEARS!!
MISTER CAPTAIN TO YOU!
-I SUFFERED-& SUCCUMBED TO-AN URGE TO RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.
I CAN STILL READ IT!!!
The End
1987 Elle

TWO OLD BIRDS

By Kim Deitch

The TROUPERS club
SCENE: THE TROUPER'S CLUB, A THEATRICAL RETIREMENT HOME JUST OFF HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD.
IT'S FIVE A.M. AND CHARLIE CHAN THEATRE IS ROARING TO A CLIMAX.
BUT THIS IS NO ORDINARY CHARLIE CHAN MOVIE; NOT FOR THESE TWO!....
YOU WILL FOLLOW PLEASE INTO VICTIM'S ROOM.
...FOR PROMINENT IN THE CAST IS OLD TIME ACTOR, LARRY FARREL,....
WHY THIS IS ABSURD!
AH, I WAS A HANDSOME DEVIL THEN WASN'T I PUFFY?
AND VETERAN ANIMAL STAR, PUFFY THE PARROT.
HEY PIPE DOWN WILL YA? HERE COMES MY BIG SCENE!
NOT SO ABSURD. FOR IN HERE IS WITNESS TO SIR GERALD'S MURDER!
BUT THERE'S NO ONE IN HERE!
YOU FORGET SIR GERALD'S PET PARROT.

HARTLEY NO! PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE!
HARTLEY PLEASE! YIAAAAA!
THE PARROT LIES! I DIDN'T STAB HARTLEY! I SHOT HIM!
THAT IS I...
MEANING QUITE CLEAR MR. HARTLEY.
ALL RIGHT I KILLED SIR GERALD!
HE HAD IT COMING!
BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW! AU REVOIR MR. CHAN!
SORRY, BUT PARROT NOT ONLY THING THAT TRIP YOU UP.
BANG!
GEE POP! HOW DID YOU EVER GET HARTLEY TO CONFESS?
QUITE SIMPLE.
DURING WEEK I TEACH BIRD TO SAY SIR GERALD'S SUPPOSED DYING WORDS, TAKING CARE TO SUBSTITUTE KNIFE FOR ACTUAL MURDER WEAPON.
AS HOPED FOR, BIRD'S WORDS PRODUCED DESIRED EFFECT.
HA!
SURE BRINGS BACK ALOT OF MEMORIES EH PUFFY?

BOY YOU'RE NOT KIDDING!
IT WAS A MIXED BAG OF COURSE.
WORKING WITH THAT ASSHOLE * SIDNEY TOLER WAS NO PICNIC!
IT WAS BAD ENOUGH THE WAY HE'D GET LIQUORED UP AND PICK ON POOR OLD MANTAN, * *
OUT OF MY WAY NIGGER!
BUT KICKING HIM INTO MY CAGE WAS THE LIMIT! I COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!
WAAAK!
YES HE WAS ONE MEAN OLD FART.
BUT THE WAY YOU FIXED HIM! HO HO!
WELL I KNEW HE'D BE HOLED UP IN HIS DRESSING ROOM DRINKING THAT CHEAP SNEAKY PETE WINE.
THE REST WAS EASY!

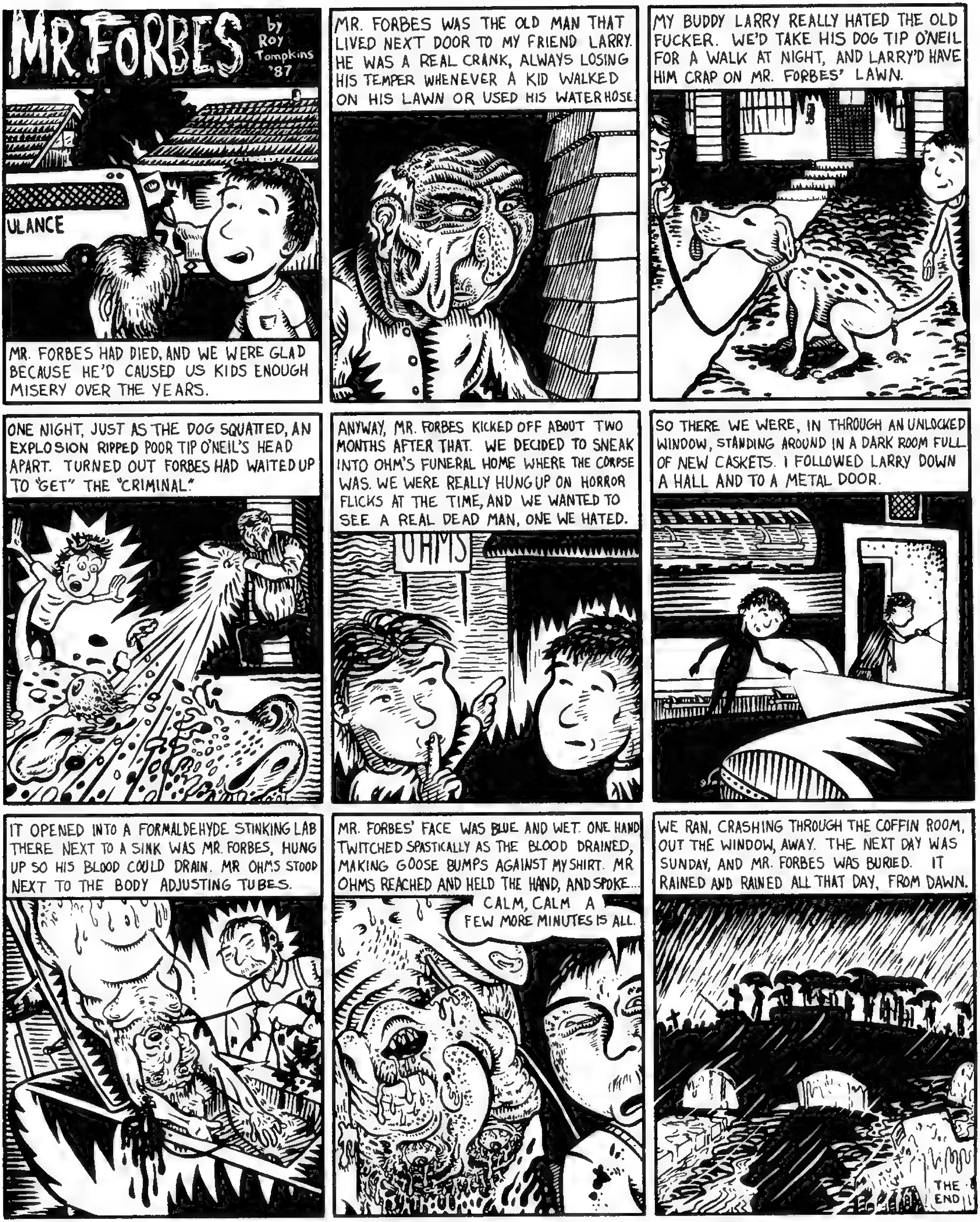
* SIDNEY TOLER: AN AMERICAN ACTOR WHO PLAYED CHARLIE CHAN FROM 1938 UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1947.

** MANTAN MORLAND: A BLACK ACTOR WHO PLAYED BIRMINGHAM BROWN IN THE CHARLIE CHAN SERIES.

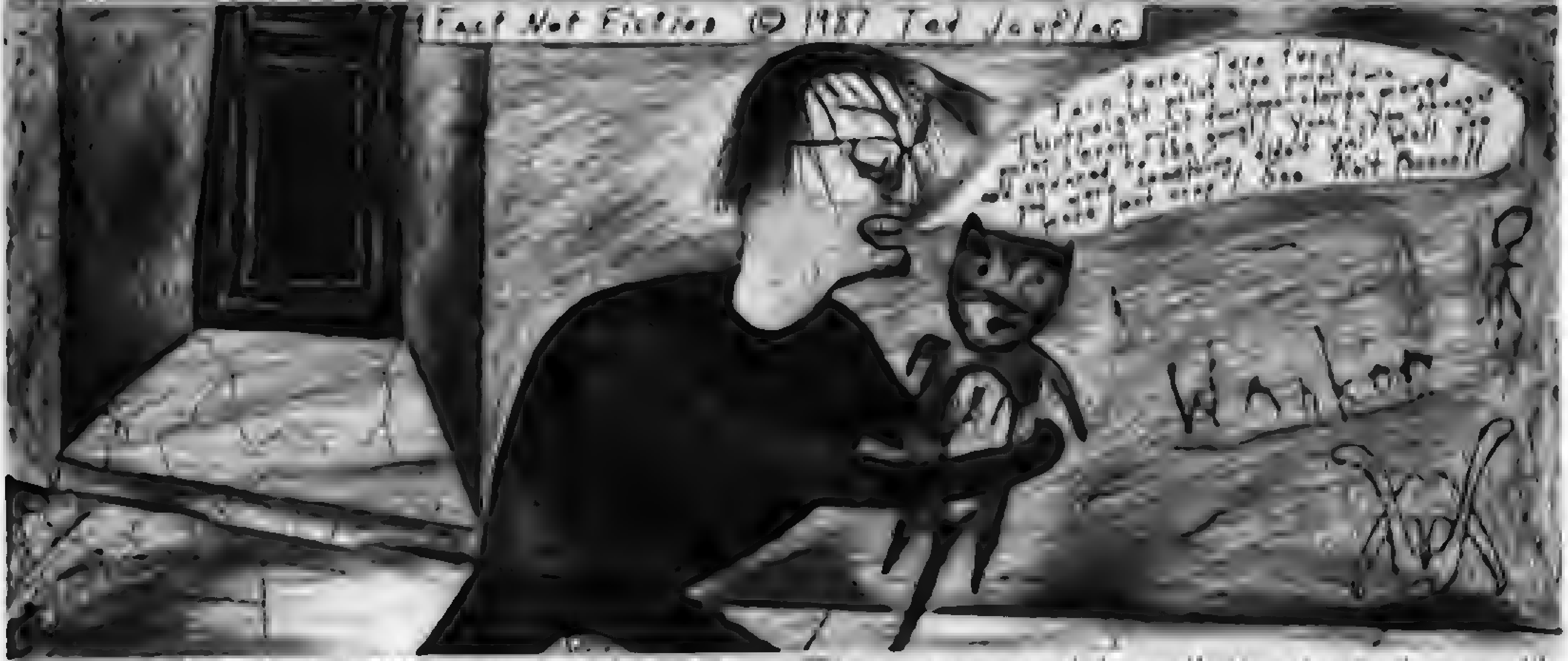
SIDNEY TOLER WENT TO FRANCE, WITH DOO DOO IN HIS UNDERPANTS!
WAAAK!
TOLER TOOK THE BAIT LIKE A STARVING MACKERAL.
SIDNEY TOLER WENT TO FRANCE,
WITH DOO DOO IN HIS UNDERPANTS!
WAAAK! HA! HA!
ELECTRIFIED PARROT CAGE.
THERE WAS ENOUGH JUICE SURGING THROUGH THAT CAGE TO STUN A HORSE!
SIDNEY TOLER WENT TO FRANCE,
WITH DOO DOO!
DOO DOO!
DOO DOO!
HA HA!
BOY THAT WAS RICH!
YEAH! OLD "DOO DOO" TOLER WAS NEVER QUITE THE SAME AFTER THAT.

LATER
WAKE UP MISTAH FARREL. LAST CALL FO BREAKFUST!
THAT'S IT. EASY DOES IT NOW.
POOR MR. FARREL. HE SITS THERE HOURS ON END TALKING TO THAT OLD BIRD!
MY YES! AND THE BIRD TALKS TO HIM!
OH DON'T FALL FOR THAT! HE'S JUST THROWING HIS VOICE! THE BIRD'S MORE SENILE THAN HE IS!
IT HASN'T SAID A WORD IN YEARS.
?
FUCK YOU GRANDMA! WAAAK!
FINITO

© 1988 BY KIM DEITCH

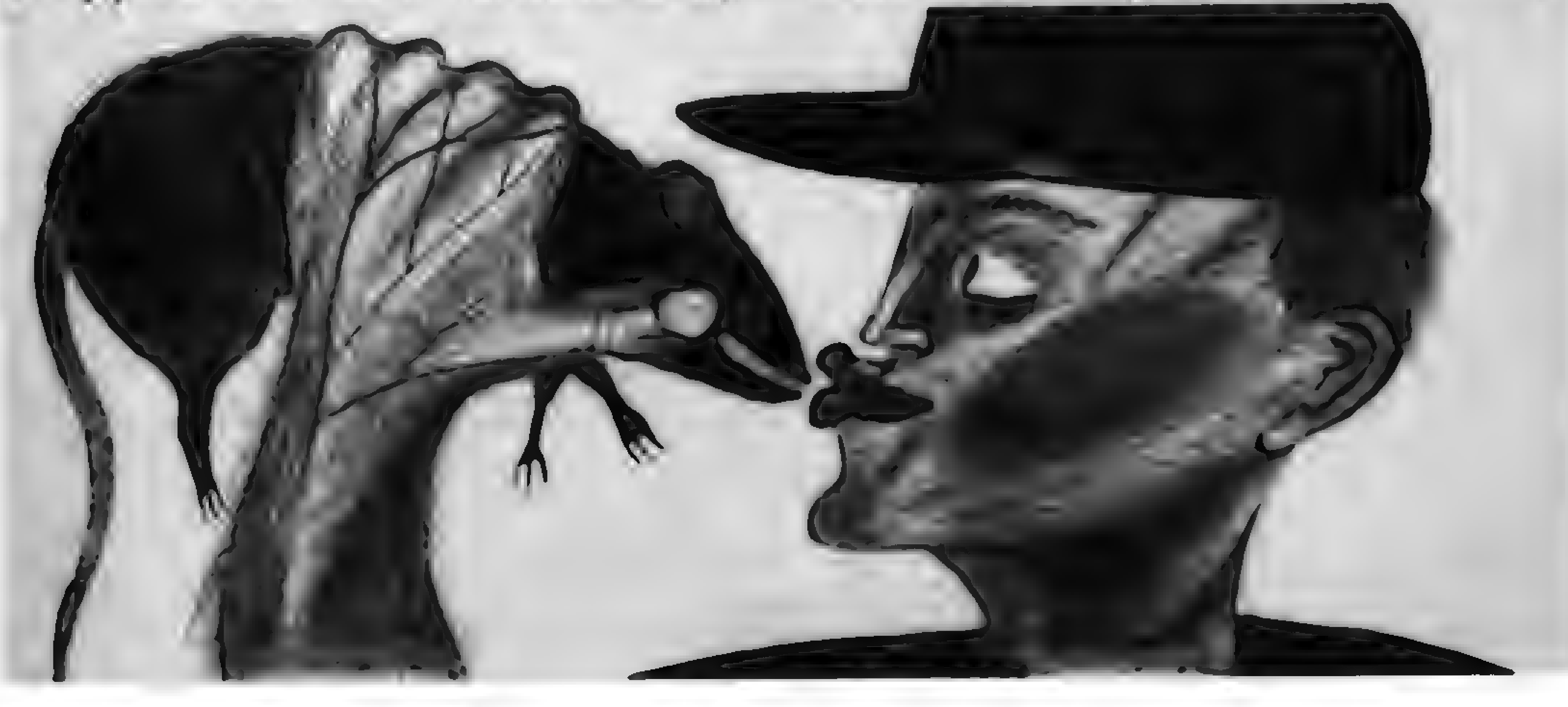

MR. FORBES
by Roy Tompkins '87
ULANCE
MR. FORBES HAD DIED, AND WE WERE GLAD BECAUSE HE'D CAUSED US KIDS ENOUGH MISERY OVER THE YEARS.
MR. FORBES WAS THE OLD MAN THAT LIVED NEXT DOOR TO MY FRIEND LARRY. HE WAS A REAL CRANK, ALWAYS LOSING HIS TEMPER WHENEVER A KID WALKED ON HIS LAWN OR USED HIS WATERHOSE.
MY BUDDY LARRY REALLY HATED THE OLD FUCKER. WE'D TAKE HIS DOG TIP O'NEIL FOR A WALK AT NIGHT, AND LARRY'D HAVE HIM CRAP ON MR. FORBES' LAWN.
ONE NIGHT, JUST AS THE DOG SQUATTED, AN EXPLOSION RIPPED POOR TIP O'NEIL'S HEAD APART. TURNED OUT FORBES HAD WAITED UP TO "GET" THE "CRIMINAL."
ANYWAY, MR. FORBES KICKED OFF ABOUT TWO MONTHS AFTER THAT. WE DECIDED TO SNEAK INTO OHM'S FUNERAL HOME WHERE THE CORPSE WAS. WE WERE REALLY HUNG UP ON HORROR FLICKS AT THE TIME, AND WE WANTED TO SEE A REAL DEAD MAN, ONE WE HATED.
OHMS
SO THERE WE WERE, IN THROUGH AN UNLOCKED WINDOW, STANDING AROUND IN A DARK ROOM FULL OF NEW CASKETS. I FOLLOWED LARRY DOWN A HALL AND TO A METAL DOOR.
IT OPENED INTO A FORMALDEHYDE STINKING LAB THERE NEXT TO A SINK WAS MR. FORBES, HUNG UP SO HIS BLOOD COULD DRAIN. MR OHMS STOOD NEXT TO THE BODY ADJUSTING TUBES.
MR. FORBES' FACE WAS BLUE AND WET. ONE HAND TWITCHED SPASTICALLY AS THE BLOOD DRAINED, MAKING GOOSE BUMPS AGAINST MY SHIRT. MR OHMS REACHED AND HELD THE HAND, AND SPOKE...
CALM, CALM A FEW MORE MINUTES IS ALL.
WE RAN, CRASHING THROUGH THE COFFIN ROOM, OUT THE WINDOW, AWAY. THE NEXT DAY WAS SUNDAY, AND MR. FORBES WAS BURIED. IT RAINED AND RAINED ALL THAT DAY, FROM DAWN.
THE END

QUEER PEOPLE

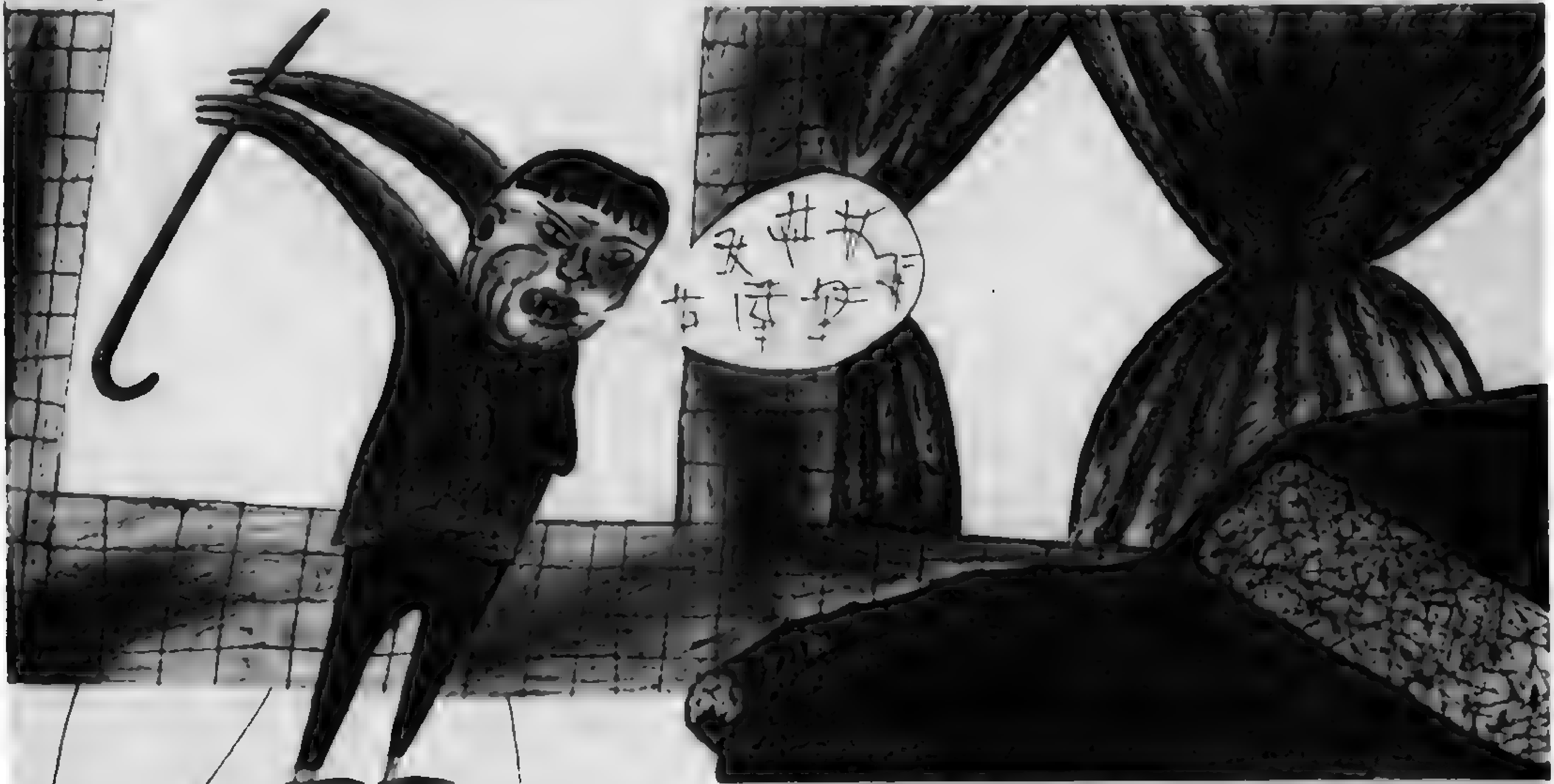

Fact Not Fiction © 1987 Ted Jouflas
Wanker

Specimen #1: The Stuffed Cat Mathematician. This person used to walk the streets in my old neighborhood. He always carried a filthy, stuffed toy cat. He would recite neologisms, theories and mathematical nonsense continuously. His theories could have possibly made sense.

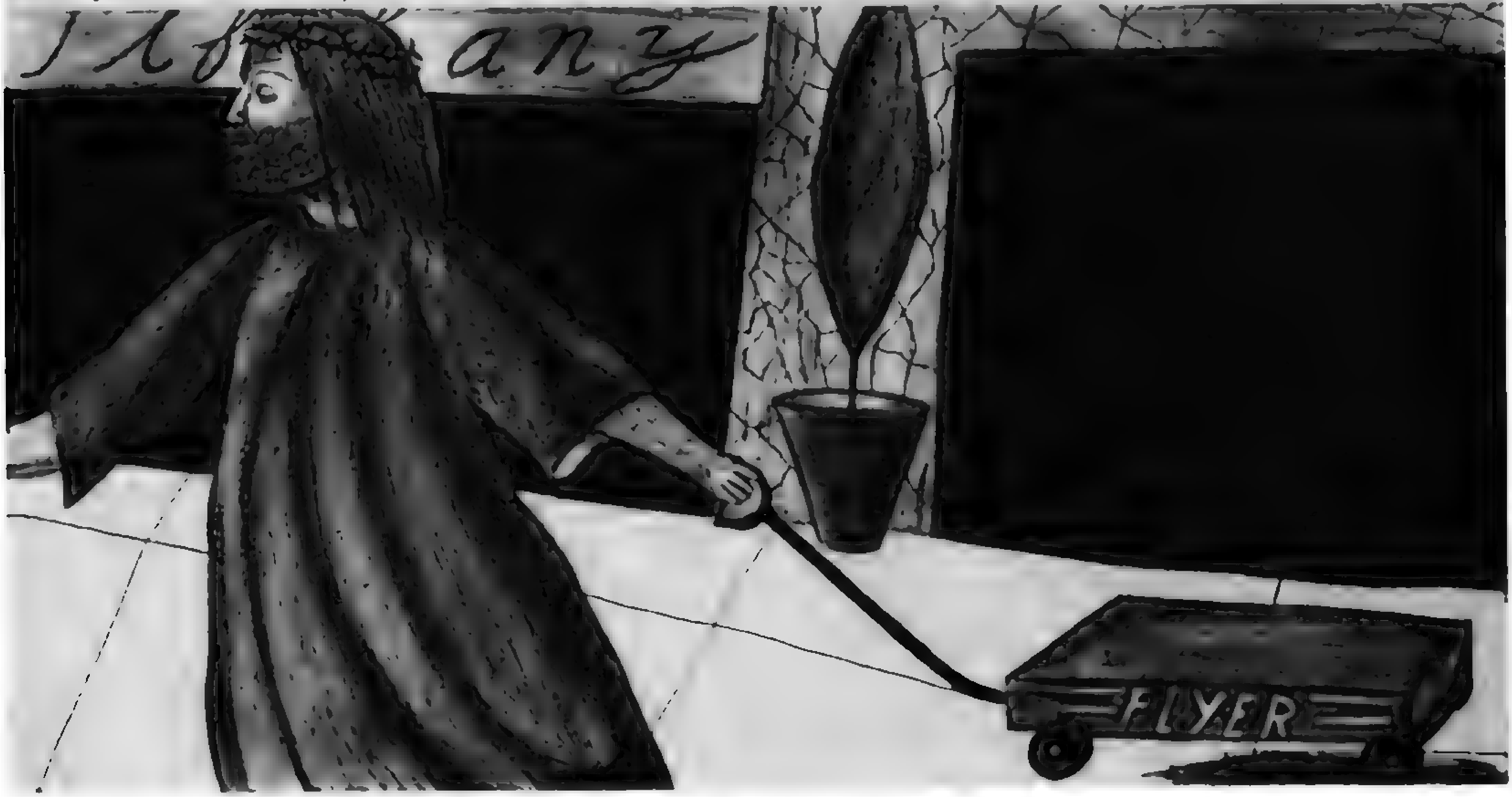
Specimen #2: West Berlin Rat Man. Sitting among piles of crates and boxes not far from the heavily graffitied Berlin Wall. Slightly drunk, but not stinko. He was smooching with an ugly old street rat. Tricked and captured the rat definitely wanted to get away.



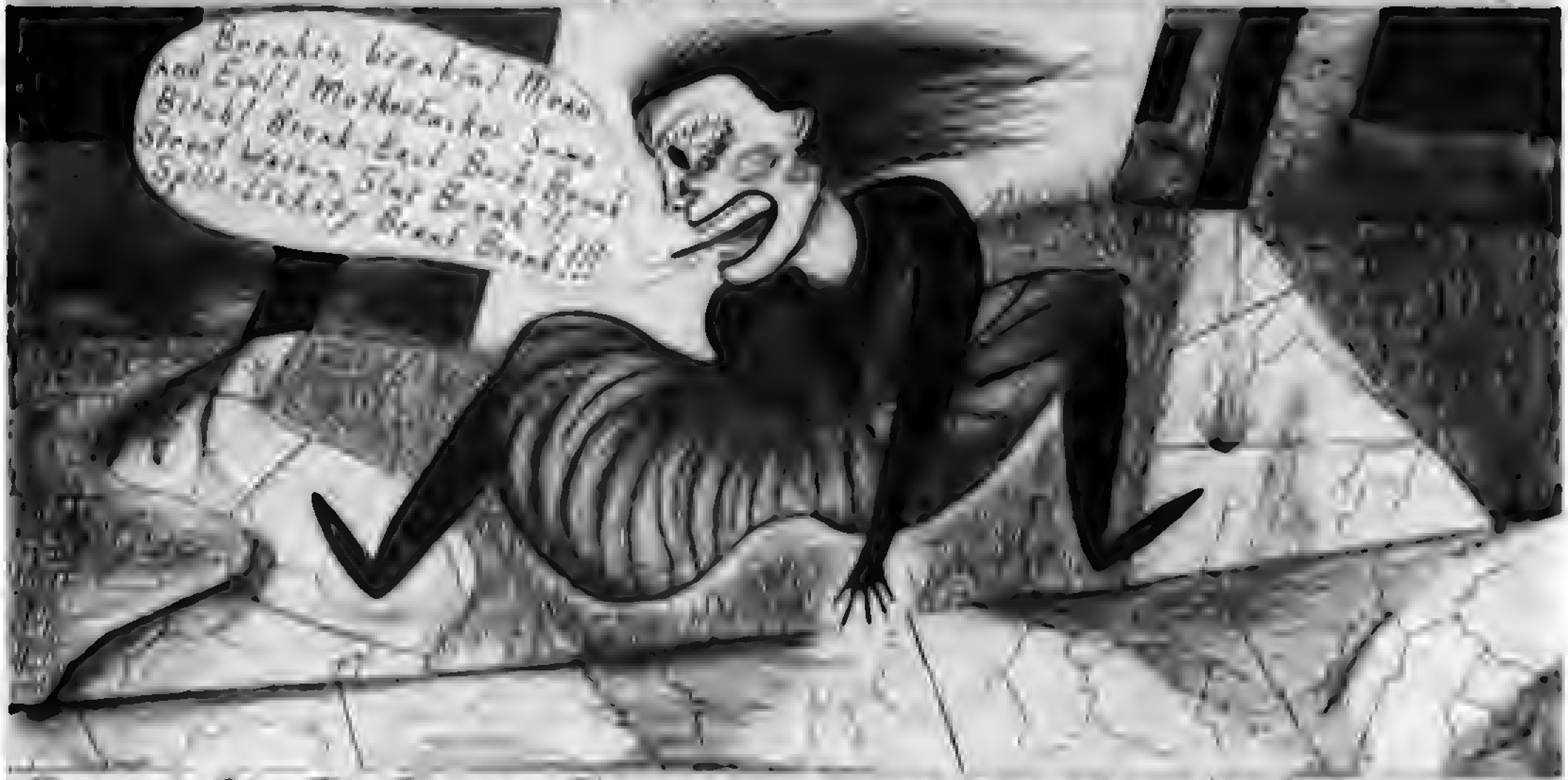
Specimen #3: The Chinese Landlady Car Vandal. This elderly woman always wears an ill fitting jet black polyester wig. If someone parks on the corner by her building she gets very upset and beats the car with her cane, creating many small dents.



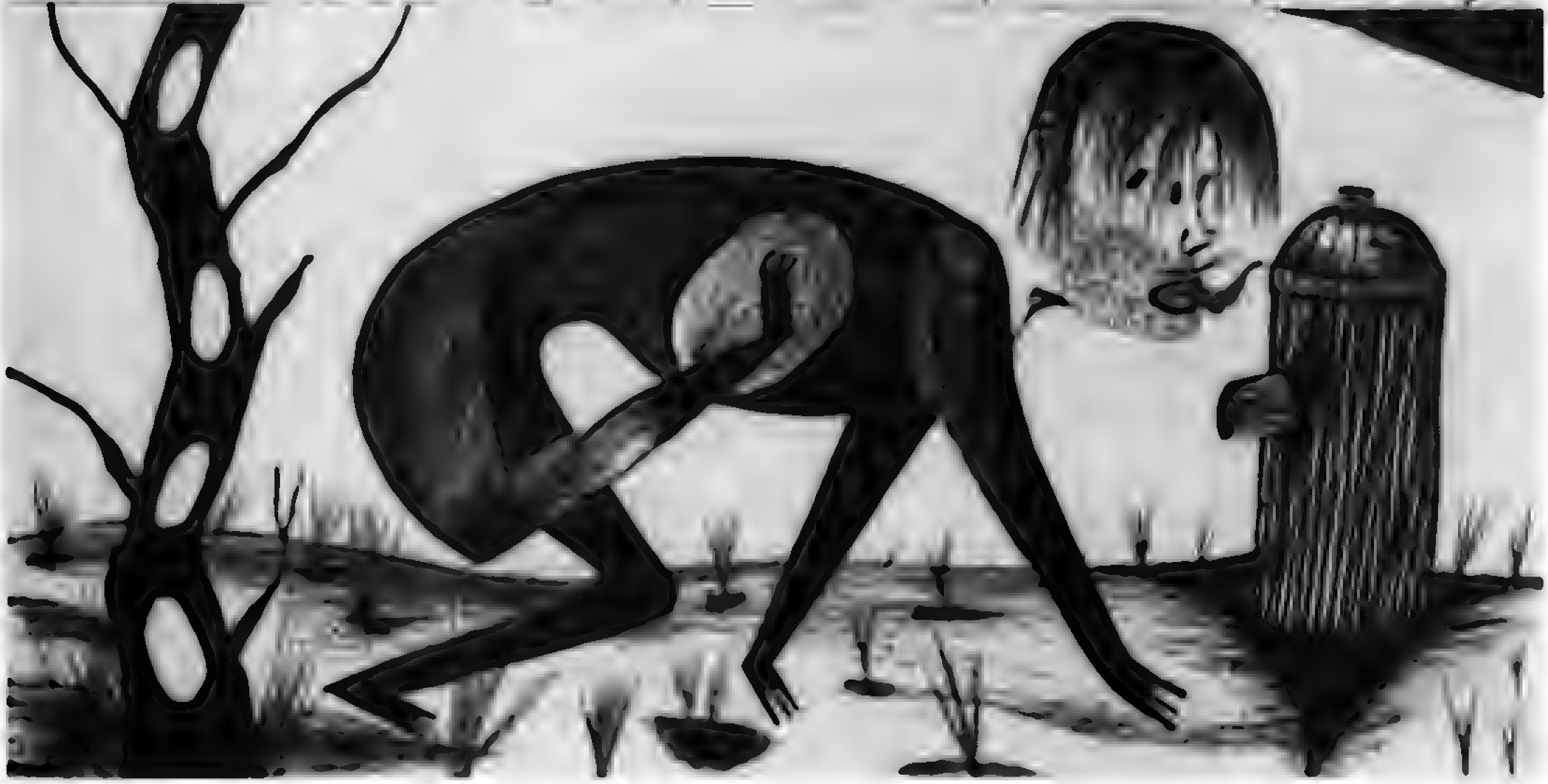
Specimen #4: The Sunset Boulevard Wagon Christ. I spied this character while driving down Sunset. He was a street person who had disguised himself as Jesus Christ. He was pulling a childs empty red wagon. Later that same day I saw him on the beach at Malibu.



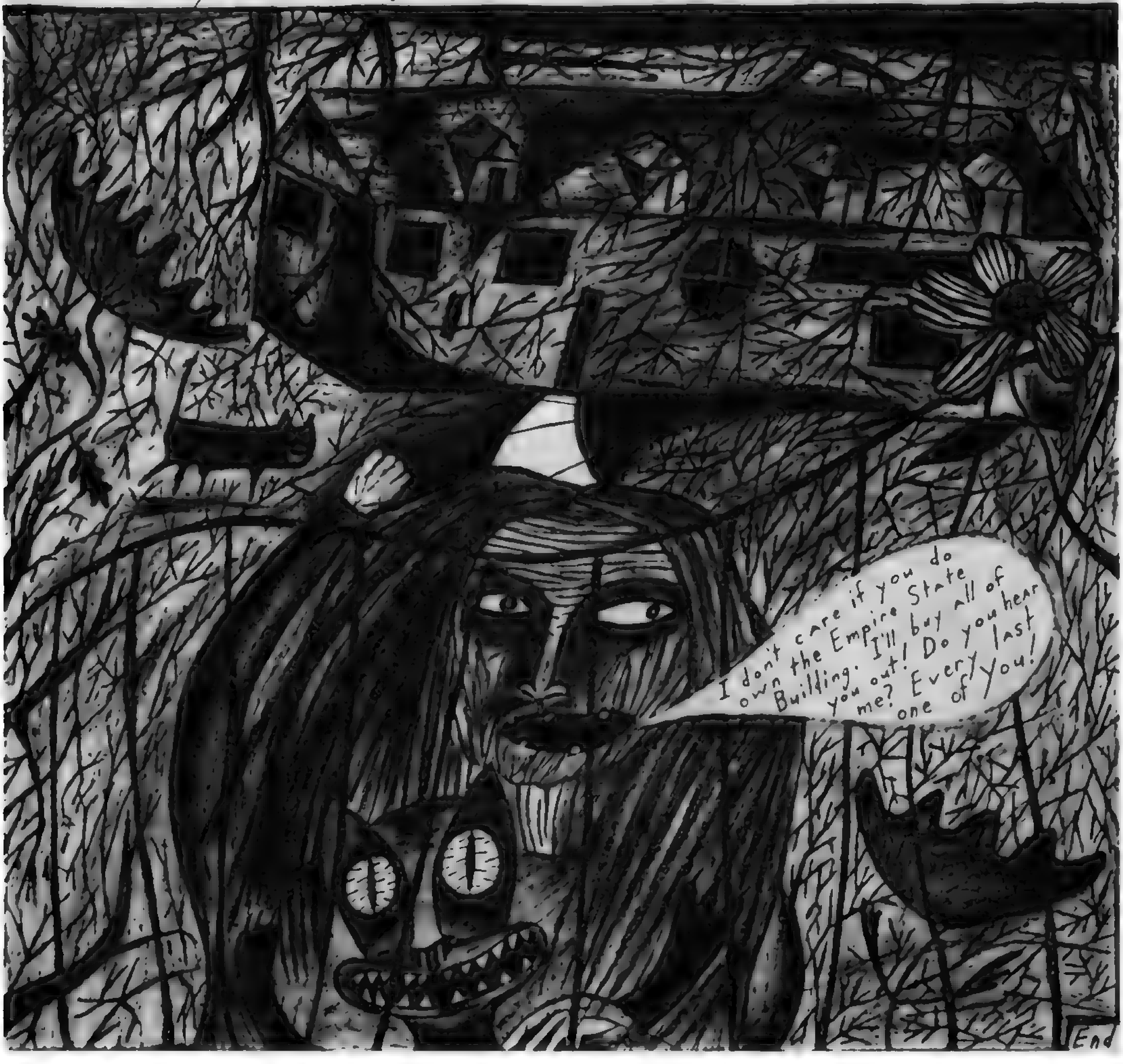
Specimen #5: Chicago's Back Breaking Bat. I saw this woman in Wicker Park, a neighborhood of Chicago. She was walking down the sidewalk reciting the well known childrens verse "Step on a crack, break your Mother's back." Upon completion of the verse she would furiously jump up and down on the cracks while screaming.

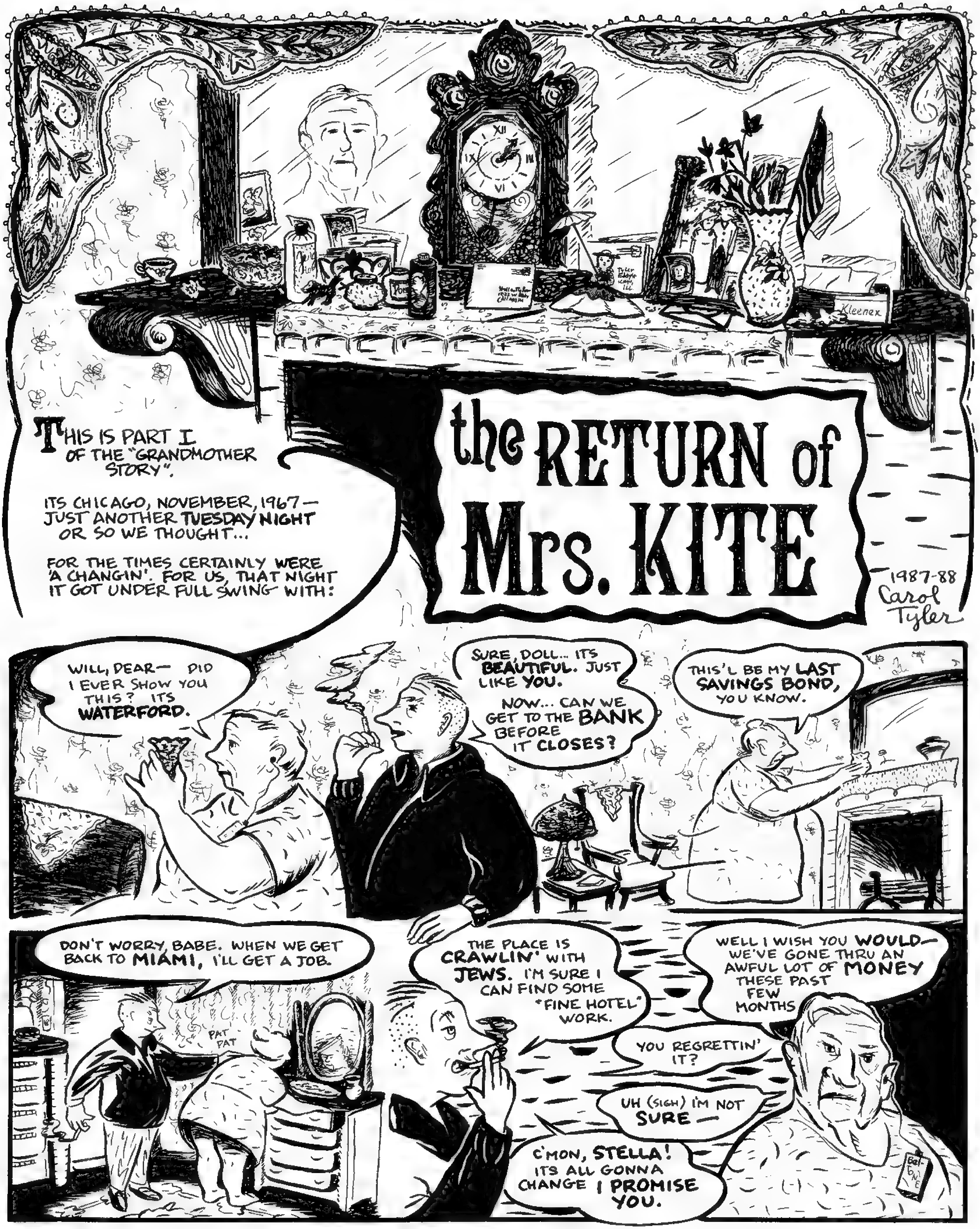

Breakin, breakin! Mean And Evil! Motherfucker Some Bitch! Break-Evil Back Break! Street Walking Slut Break It! Split-Licking Break Break!!!

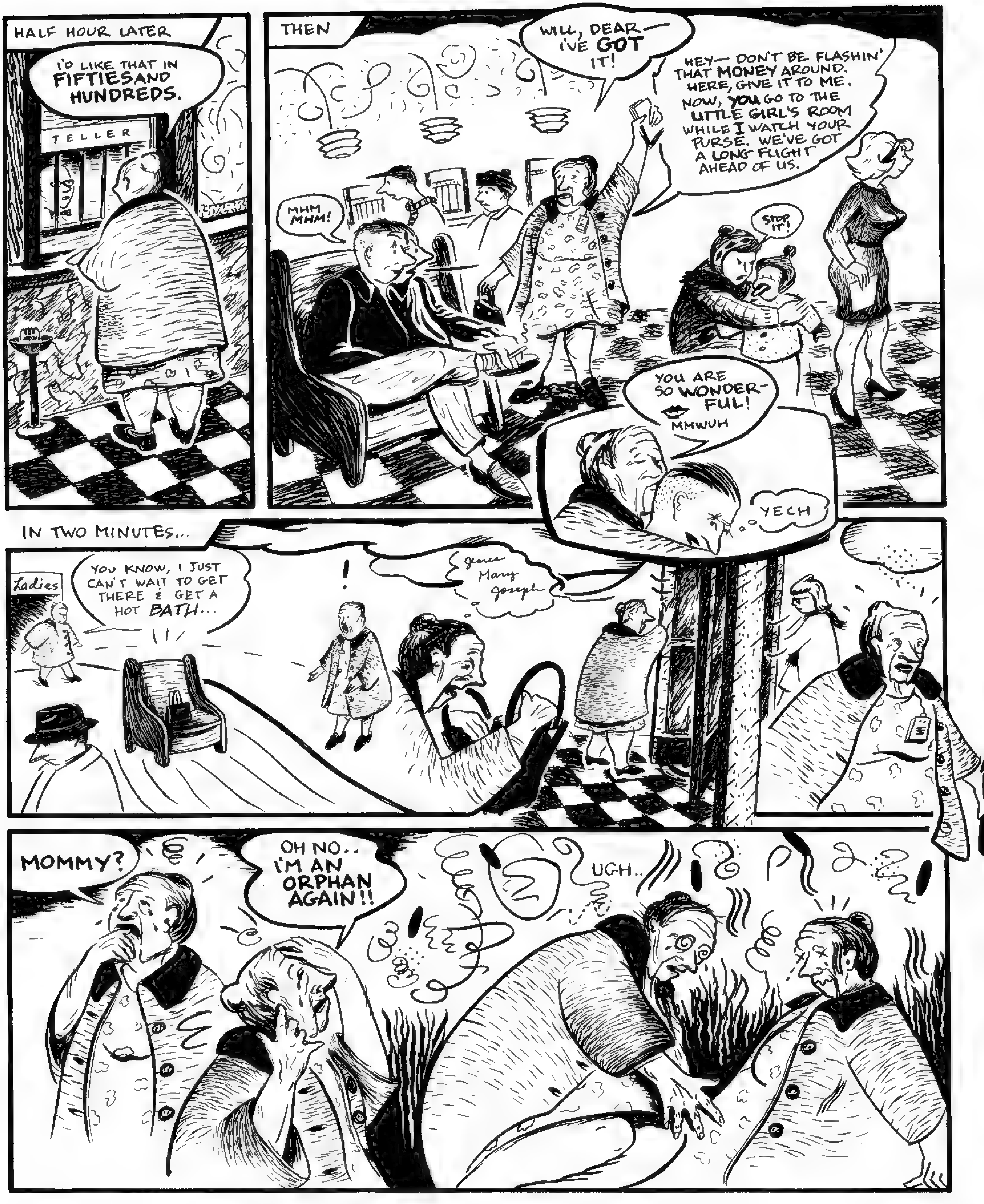
Specimen #6: The Terrier. This man was seen scurrying about in a nervous manner. While licking, sniffing and rubbing against various trees, hydrants, bushes, lanterns and telephone poles. Good Boy!! Sit! Stay! Good Boy!!

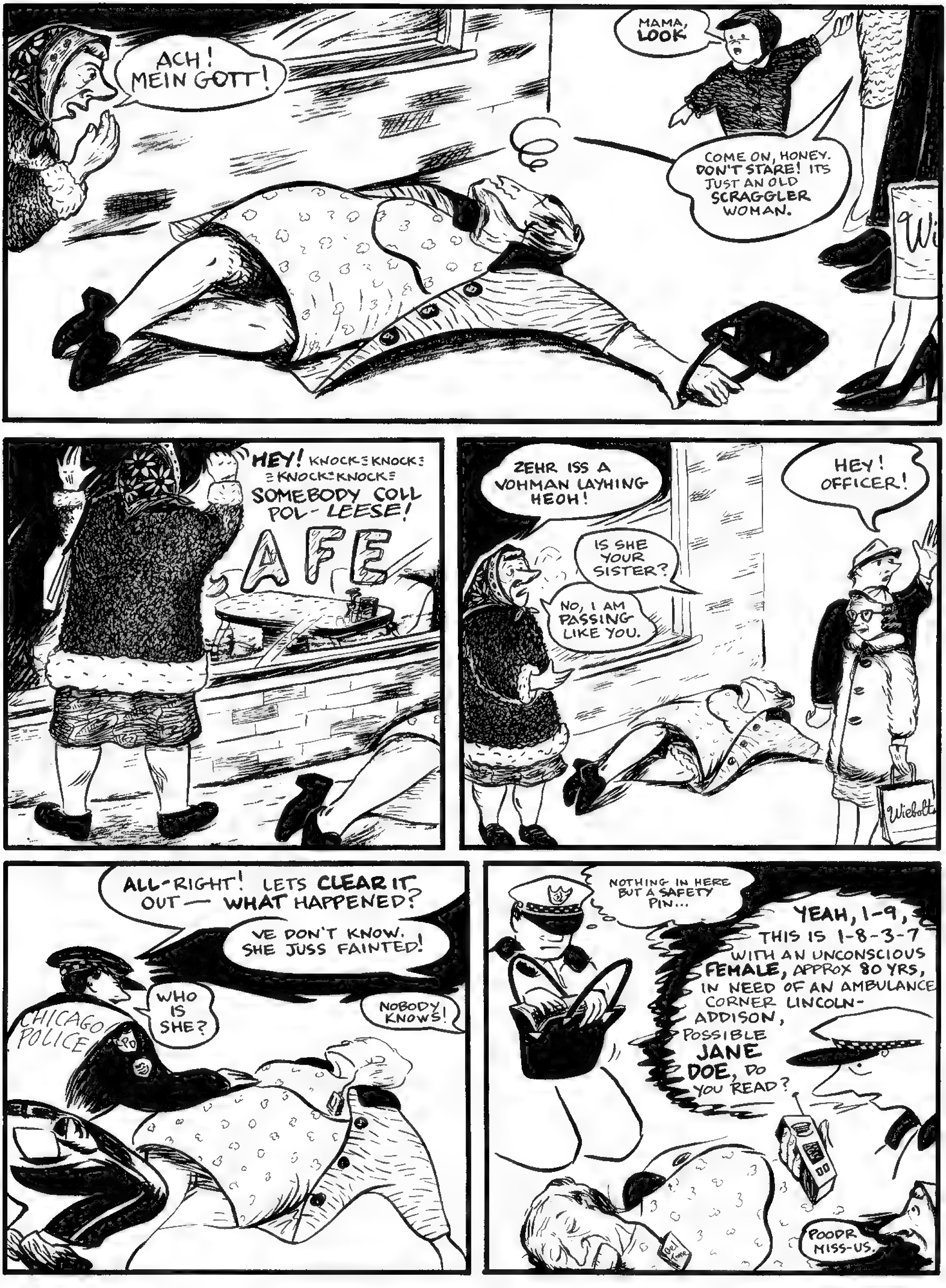


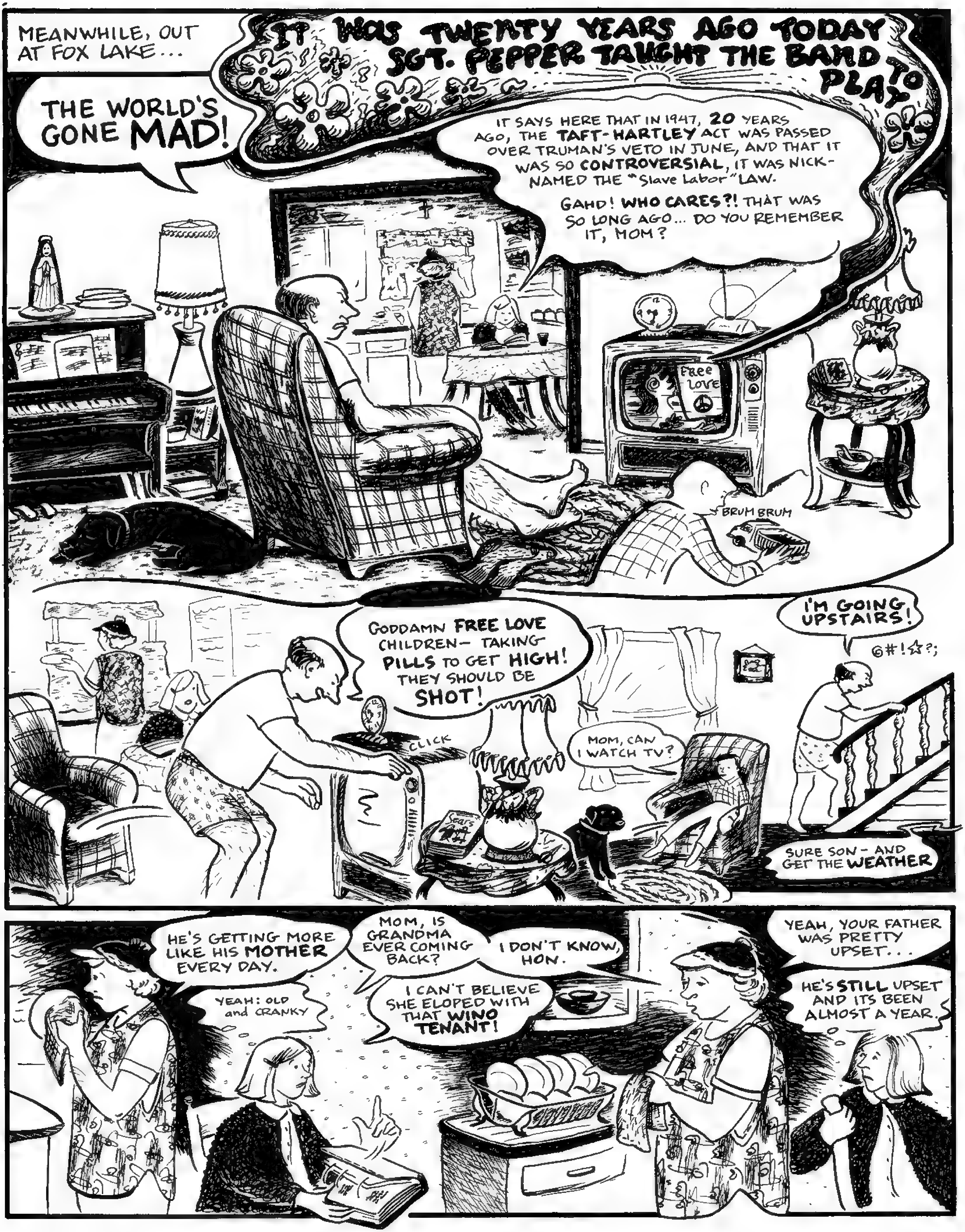
Specimen *7: The Witch of Evanston, Illinois. The daughter of an extremely wealthy Midwestern family. Her husband died suddenly on the night of their Honeymoon. From that day on she became a solitary recluse, with more than enough money to support any eccentricity. Living in her Mansion on the shores of Lake Michigan. She had many cats which lived with her and the house was overgrown with many varieties of foliage. The carport was overgrown with vines which engulfed the cars like a dense jungle. The trunk of one car contained the unused Honeymoon luggage. Her personal appearance deteriorated. She had very long tangled hair and her teeth were rotten. Standing behind the imposing iron gates at the entrance to her estate she would harangue her neighbors, most of whom wanted her out. Her lawyers handled all of her affairs for the obvious reason that they were the designated beneficiaries in her will. Along with the Cats.

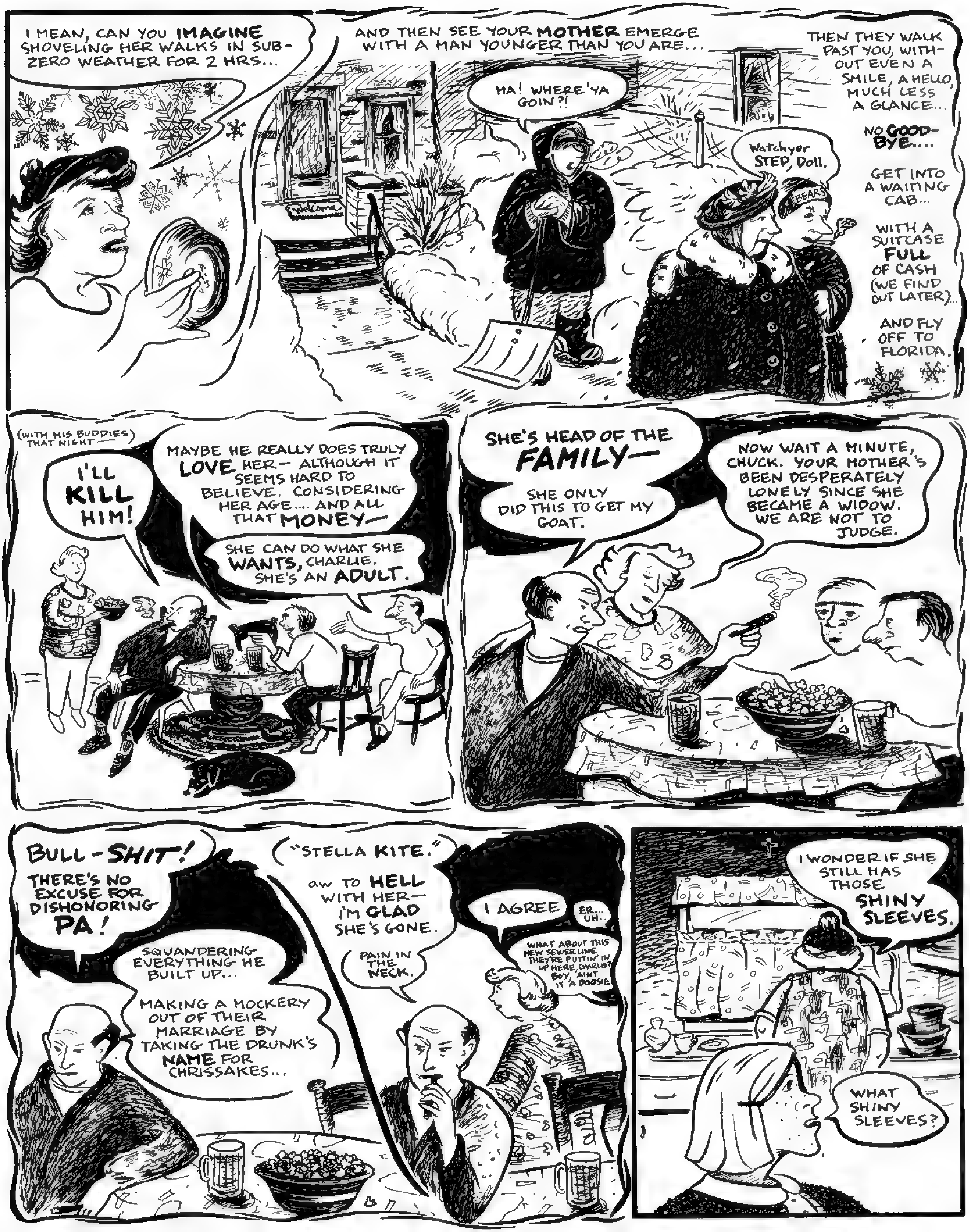

I don't care if you do own the Empire State Building. I'll buy all of you out! Do you hear me? Every last one of You!
End

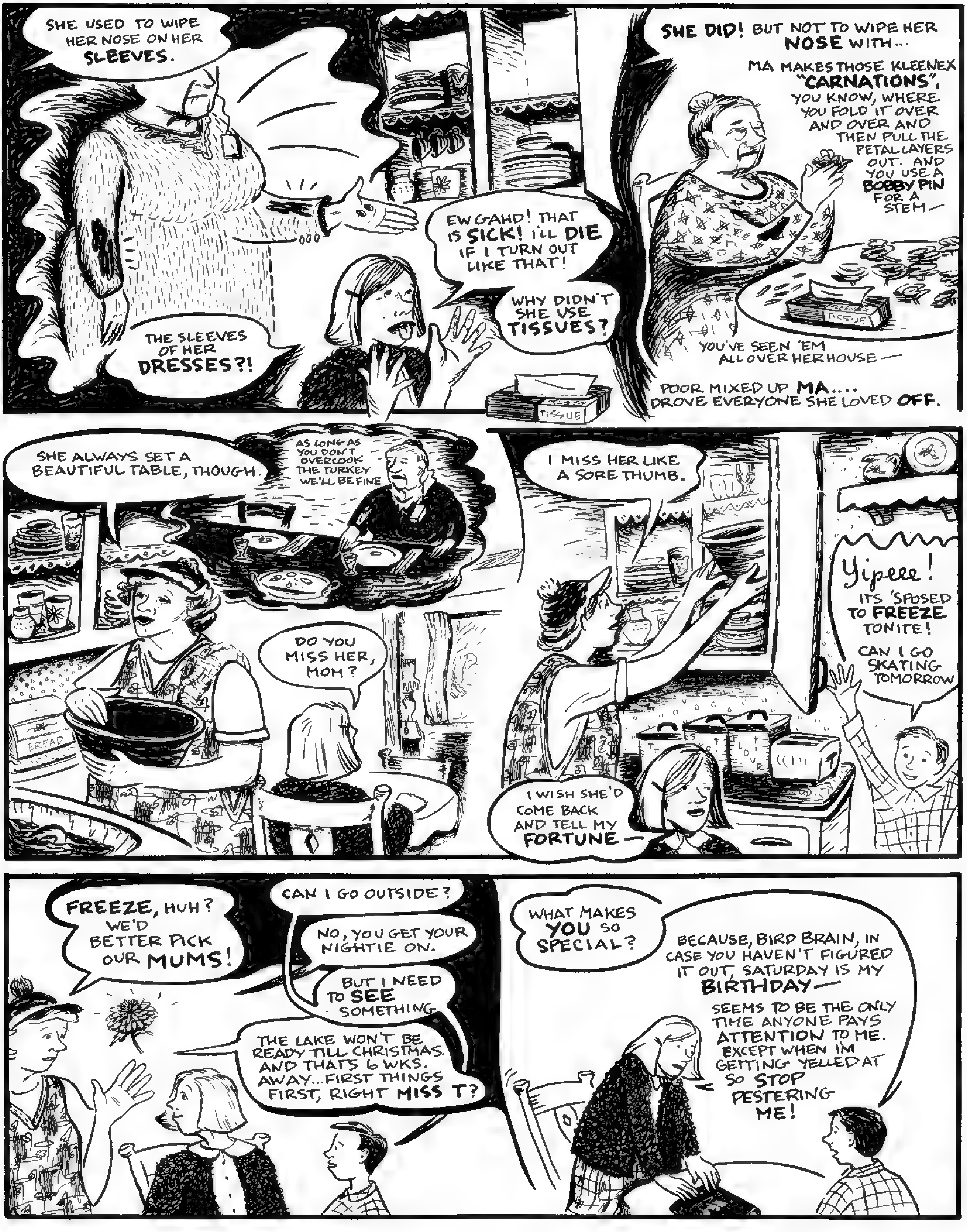
THIS IS PART I OF THE "GRANDMOTHER STORY".
ITS CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1967— JUST ANOTHER TUESDAY NIGHT OR SO WE THOUGHT...
FOR THE TIMES CERTAINLY WERE 'A CHANGIN'. FOR US, THAT NIGHT IT GOT UNDER FULL SWING WITH:
the RETURN of Mrs. KITE
1987-88 Carol Tyler
Kleenex
WILL, DEAR— DID I EVER SHOW YOU THIS? ITS WATERFORD.
SURE, DOLL... ITS BEAUTIFUL. JUST LIKE YOU.
NOW... CAN WE GET TO THE BANK BEFORE IT CLOSES?
THIS'L BE MY LAST SAVINGS BOND, YOU KNOW.
DON'T WORRY, BABE. WHEN WE GET BACK TO MIAMI, I'LL GET A JOB.
PAT PAT
THE PLACE IS CRAWLIN' WITH JEWS. I'M SURE I CAN FIND SOME "FINE HOTEL" WORK.
WELL I WISH YOU WOULD— WE'VE GONE THRU AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY THESE PAST FEW MONTHS
YOU REGRETTIN' IT?
UH (SIGH) I'M NOT SURE—
C'MON, STELLA! ITS ALL GONNA CHANGE I PROMISE YOU.

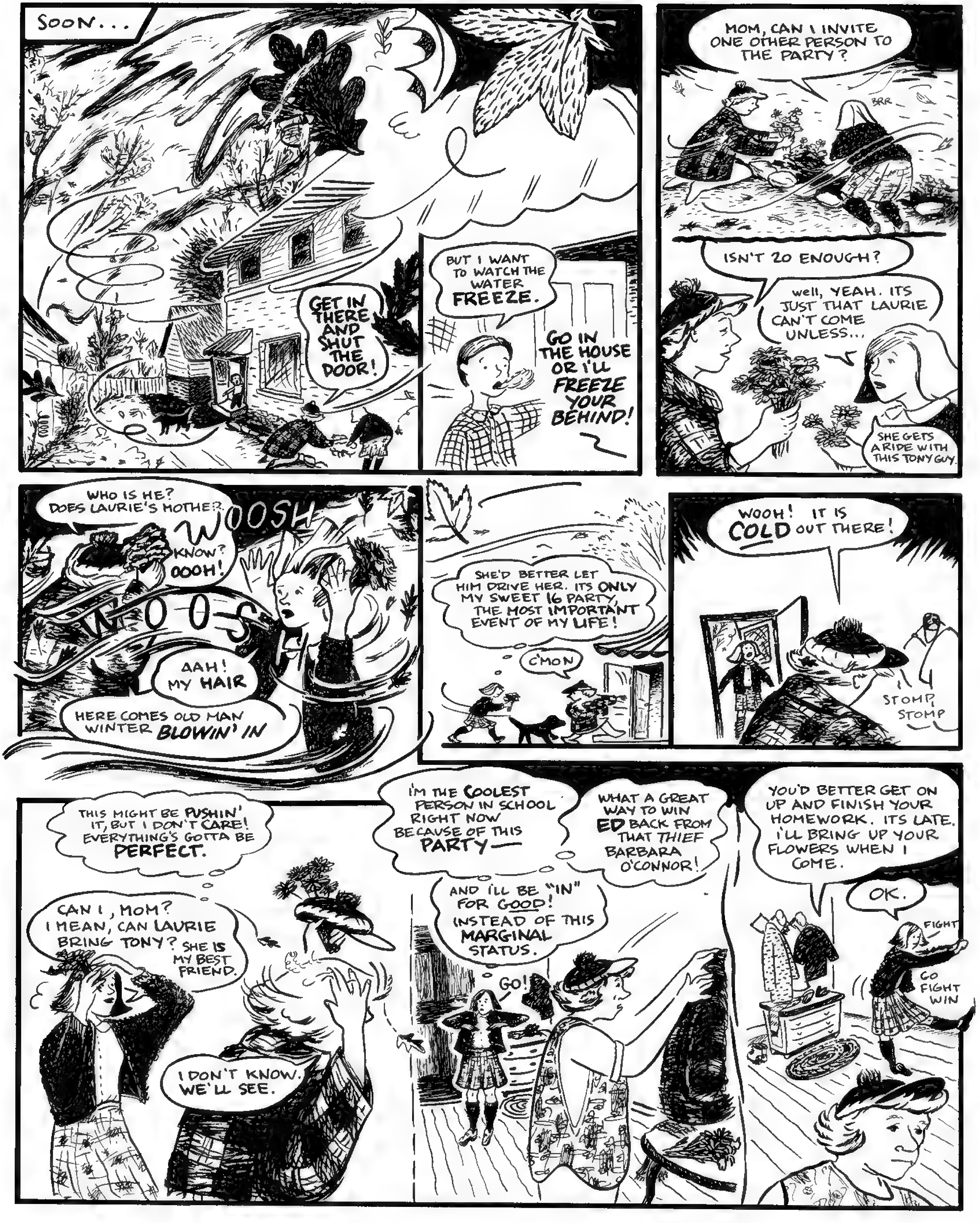

HALF HOUR LATER
I'D LIKE THAT IN FIFTIES AND HUNDREDS.
TELLER
THEN
WILL, DEAR— I'VE GOT IT!
HEY— DON'T BE FLASHIN' THAT MONEY AROUND. HERE, GIVE IT TO ME. NOW, YOU GO TO THE LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM WHILE I WATCH YOUR PURSE. WE'VE GOT A LONG FLIGHT AHEAD OF US.
MHM MHM!
STOP IT!
YOU ARE SO WONDERFUL!
MMWUH
YECH
IN TWO MINUTES...
Ladies
YOU KNOW, I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET THERE & GET A HOT BATH...
!
Jesus Mary Joseph
MOMMY?
OH NO.. I'M AN ORPHAN AGAIN!!
UGH..

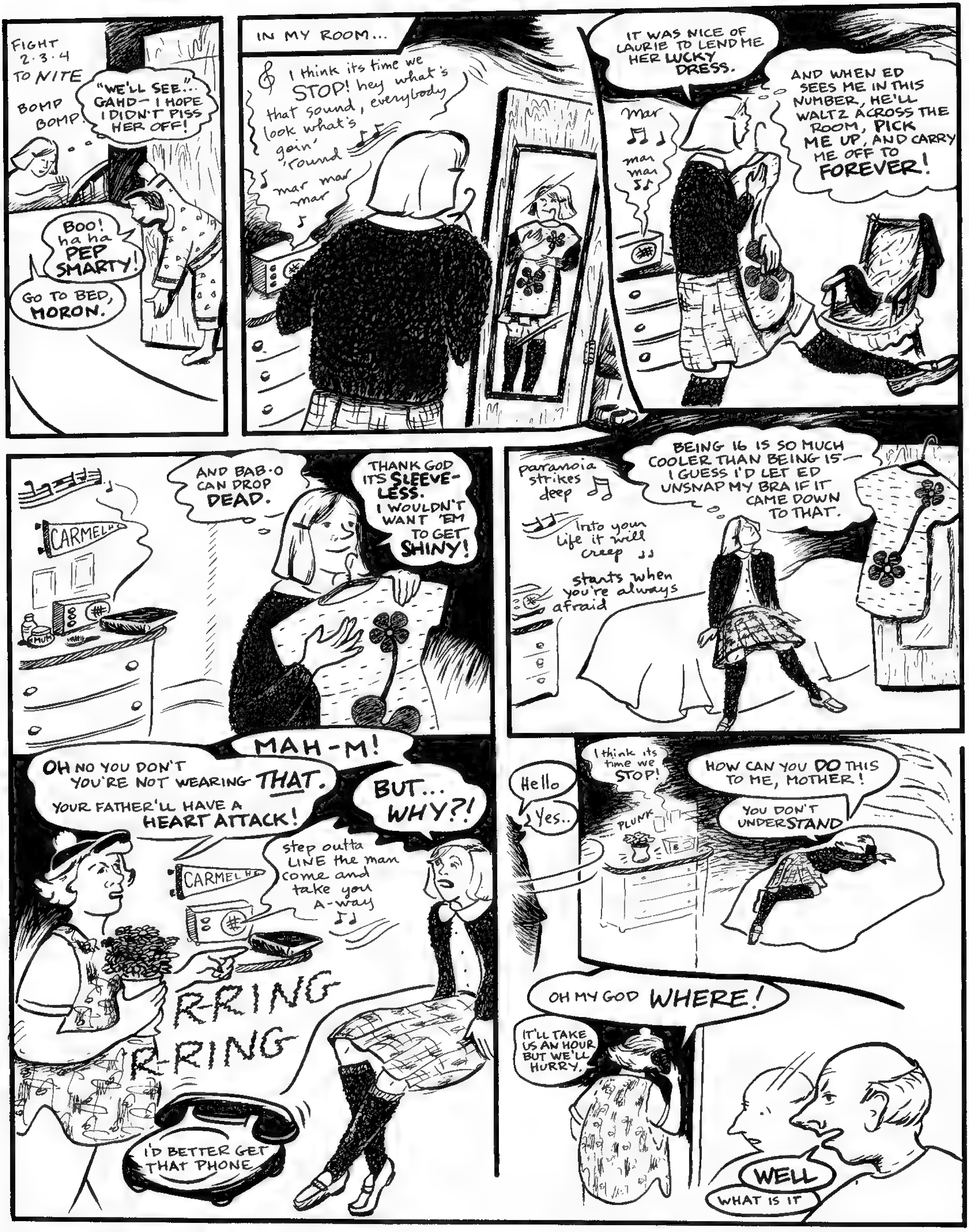

ACH! MEIN GOTT!
MAMA, LOOK
COME ON, HONEY. DON'T STARE! ITS JUST AN OLD SCRAGGLER WOMAN.
Wi
HEY! KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK SOMEBODY COLL POL-LEESE!
AFE
ZEHR ISS A VOHMAN LAYHING HEOH!
HEY! OFFICER!
IS SHE YOUR SISTER?
NO, I AM PASSING LIKE YOU.
Wieboldt's
ALL-RIGHT! LETS CLEAR IT OUT— WHAT HAPPENED?
VE DON'T KNOW. SHE JUSS FAINTED!
WHO IS SHE?
NOBODY KNOWS!
CHICAGO POLICE
PO
NOTHING IN HERE BUT A SAFETY PIN...
YEAH, 1-9, THIS IS 1-8-3-7 WITH AN UNCONSCIOUS FEMALE, APPROX 80 YRS, IN NEED OF AN AMBULANCE CORNER LINCOLN-ADDISON, POSSIBLE JANE DOE, DO YOU READ?
POODR MISS-US.

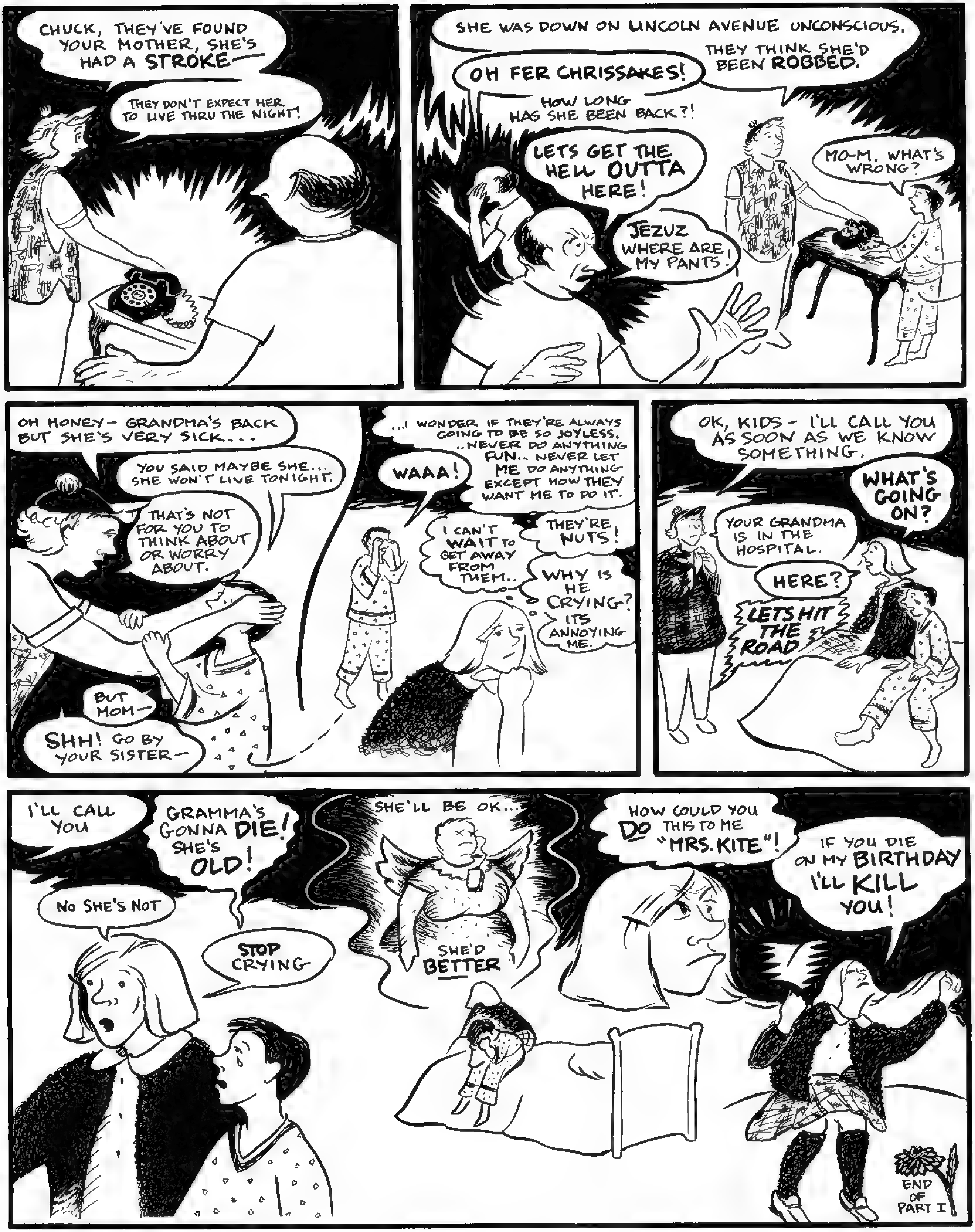

MEANWHILE, OUT AT FOX LAKE...
IT WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY SGT. PEPPER TAUGHT THE BAND TO PLAY
THE WORLD'S GONE MAD!
IT SAYS HERE THAT IN 1947, 20 YEARS AGO, THE TAFT-HARTLEY ACT WAS PASSED OVER TRUMAN'S VETO IN JUNE, AND THAT IT WAS SO CONTROVERSIAL, IT WAS NICKNAMED THE "Slave Labor" LAW.
GAHD! WHO CARES?! THAT WAS SO LONG AGO... DO YOU REMEMBER IT, MOM?
Free Love
BRUM BRUM
GODDAMN FREE LOVE CHILDREN— TAKING PILLS TO GET HIGH! THEY SHOULD BE SHOT!
CLICK
Sears
MOM, CAN I WATCH TV?
I'M GOING UPSTAIRS!
@#!☆?;
SURE SON— AND GET THE WEATHER
HE'S GETTING MORE LIKE HIS MOTHER EVERY DAY.
YEAH: OLD and CRANKY
MOM, IS GRANDMA EVER COMING BACK?
I DON'T KNOW, HON.
I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE ELOPED WITH THAT WINO TENANT!
YEAH, YOUR FATHER WAS PRETTY UPSET...
HE'S STILL UPSET AND ITS BEEN ALMOST A YEAR.
]

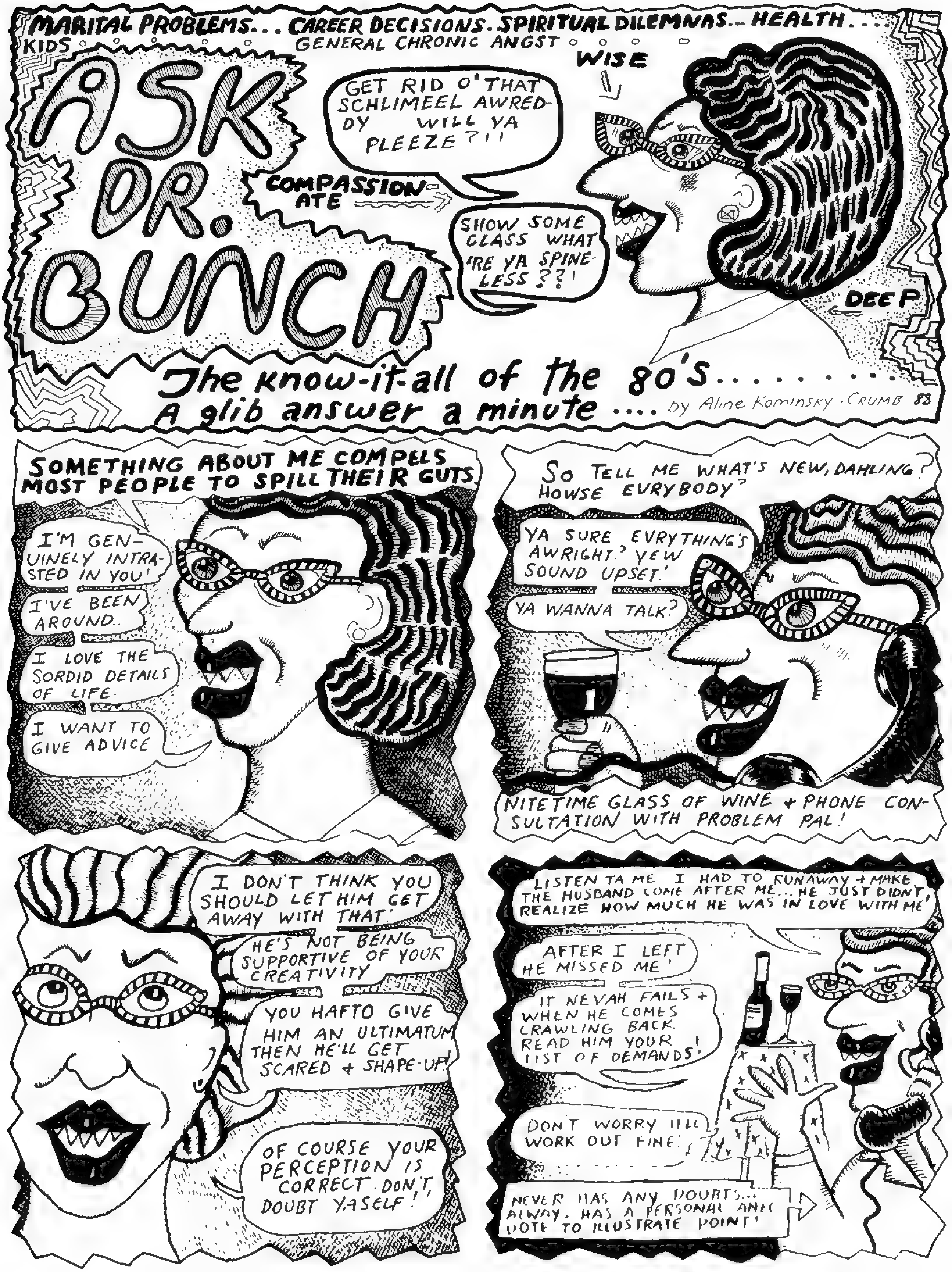

I MEAN, CAN YOU **IMAGINE** SHOVELING HER WALKS IN SUB-ZERO WEATHER FOR 2 HRS...
AND THEN SEE YOUR **MOTHER** EMERGE WITH A MAN YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE...
MA! WHERE'YA GOIN?!
Welcome
Watchyer STEP, Doll.
BEARS
THEN THEY WALK PAST YOU, WITHOUT EVEN A SMILE, A HELLO, MUCH LESS A GLANCE...
NO **GOOD-BYE**....
GET INTO A WAITING CAB...
WITH A SUITCASE **FULL** OF CASH (WE FIND OUT LATER)...
AND FLY OFF TO FLORIDA.
(WITH HIS BUDDIES) THAT NIGHT—
I'LL **KILL** HIM!
MAYBE HE REALLY DOES TRULY **LOVE** HER— ALTHOUGH IT SEEMS HARD TO BELIEVE. CONSIDERING HER AGE.... AND ALL THAT **MONEY**—
SHE CAN DO WHAT SHE **WANTS**, CHARLIE. SHE'S AN **ADULT**.
SHE'S HEAD OF THE **FAMILY**—
SHE ONLY DID THIS TO GET MY GOAT.
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, CHUCK. YOUR MOTHER'S BEEN DESPERATELY LONELY SINCE SHE BECAME A WIDOW. WE ARE NOT TO JUDGE.
BULL-SHIT! THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR DISHONORING **PA**!
SQUANDERING EVERYTHING HE BUILT UP...
MAKING A MOCKERY OUT OF THEIR MARRIAGE BY TAKING THE DRUNK'S **NAME** FOR CHRISSAKES...
("STELLA **KITE**."
aw TO **HELL** WITH HER— I'M **GLAD** SHE'S GONE.
PAIN IN THE NECK.
I AGREE
ER... UH..
WHAT ABOUT THIS NEW SEWER LINE THEY'RE PUTTIN' IN UP HERE, CHARLIE? BOY, AIN'T IT A DOOSIE
I WONDER IF SHE STILL HAS THOSE **SHINY SLEEVES**.
WHAT SHINY SLEEVES?


SHE USED TO WIPE HER NOSE ON HER SLEEVES.
EW GAHD! THAT IS SICK! I'LL DIE IF I TURN OUT LIKE THAT!
THE SLEEVES OF HER DRESSES?!
WHY DIDN'T SHE USE TISSUES?
TISSUE
SHE DID! BUT NOT TO WIPE HER NOSE WITH...
MA MAKES THOSE KLEENEX "CARNATIONS", YOU KNOW, WHERE YOU FOLD IT OVER AND OVER AND THEN PULL THE PETAL LAYERS OUT. AND YOU USE A BOBBY PIN FOR A STEM—
KLEENEX TISSUE
YOU'VE SEEN 'EM ALL OVER HER HOUSE—
POOR MIXED UP MA.... DROVE EVERYONE SHE LOVED OFF.
SHE ALWAYS SET A BEAUTIFUL TABLE, THOUGH.
AS LONG AS YOU DON'T OVERCOOK THE TURKEY WE'LL BE FINE
BREAD
DO YOU MISS HER, MOM?
I MISS HER LIKE A SORE THUMB.
Yipeee!
ITS 'SPOSED TO FREEZE TONITE!
CAN I GO SKATING TOMORROW
FLOUR
I WISH SHE'D COME BACK AND TELL MY FORTUNE—
FREEZE, HUH? WE'D BETTER PICK OUR MUMS!
CAN I GO OUTSIDE?
NO, YOU GET YOUR NIGHTIE ON.
BUT I NEED TO SEE SOMETHING
THE LAKE WON'T BE READY TILL CHRISTMAS AND THAT'S 6 WKS. AWAY... FIRST THINGS FIRST, RIGHT MISS T?
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SPECIAL?
BECAUSE, BIRD BRAIN, IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT, SATURDAY IS MY BIRTHDAY—
SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY TIME ANYONE PAYS ATTENTION TO ME. EXCEPT WHEN I'M GETTING YELLED AT SO STOP PESTERING ME!

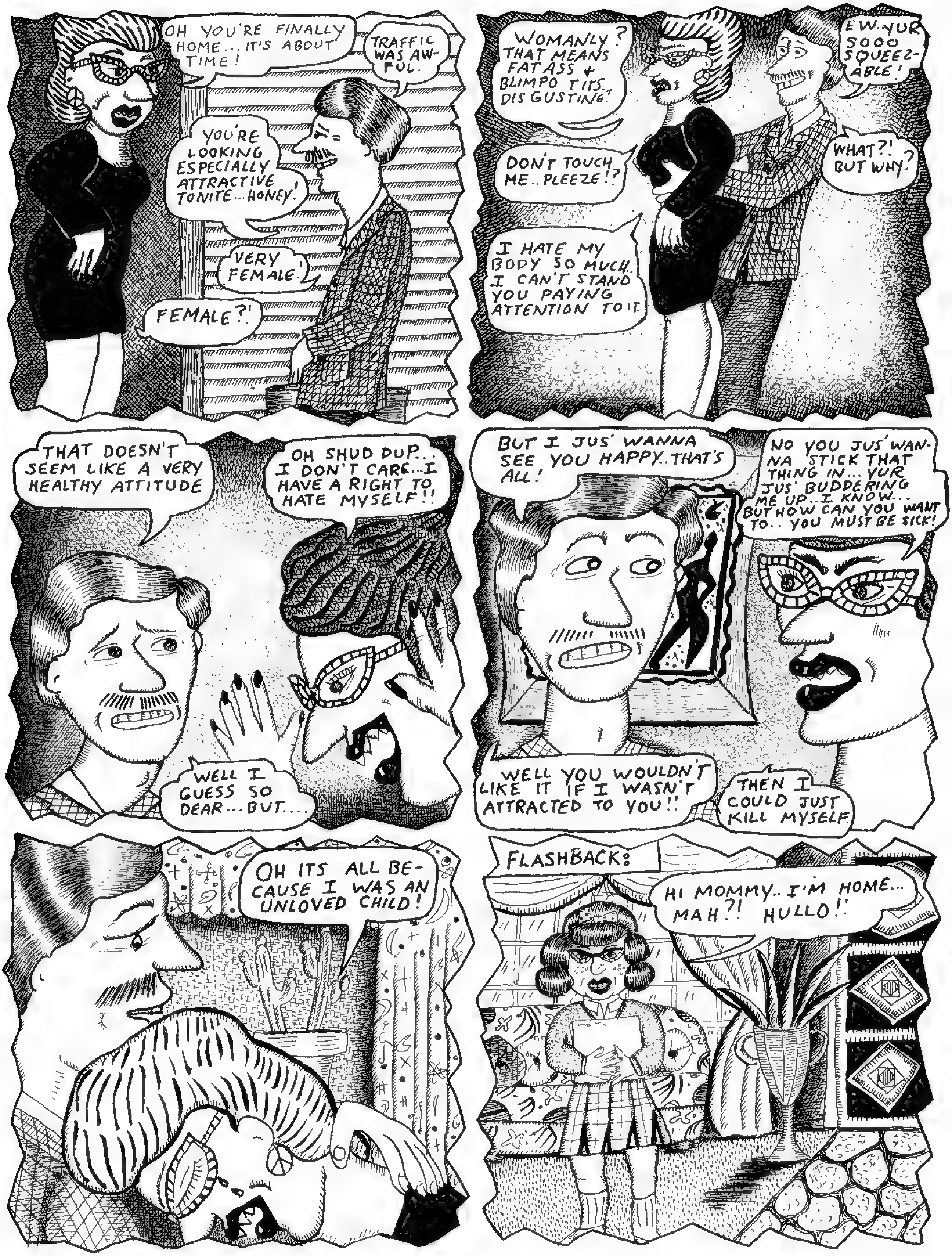

SOON...
GET IN THERE AND SHUT THE DOOR!
BUT I WANT TO WATCH THE WATER FREEZE.
GO IN THE HOUSE OR I'LL FREEZE YOUR BEHIND!
MOM, CAN I INVITE ONE OTHER PERSON TO THE PARTY?
BRR
ISN'T 20 ENOUGH?
WELL, YEAH. ITS JUST THAT LAURIE CAN'T COME UNLESS...
SHE GETS A RIDE WITH THIS TONY GUY.
WHO IS HE? DOES LAURIE'S MOTHER KNOW? OOOH!
WOOSH
W-O-O-S-H
AAH! MY HAIR
HERE COMES OLD MAN WINTER BLOWIN' IN
SHE'D BETTER LET HIM DRIVE HER. ITS ONLY MY SWEET 16 PARTY, THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT OF MY LIFE!
C'MON
WOOH! IT IS COLD OUT THERE!
STOMP STOMP
THIS MIGHT BE PUSHIN' IT, BUT I DON'T CARE! EVERYTHING'S GOTTA BE PERFECT.
CAN I, MOM? I MEAN, CAN LAURIE BRING TONY? SHE IS MY BEST FRIEND.
I DON'T KNOW. WE'LL SEE.
I'M THE COOLEST PERSON IN SCHOOL RIGHT NOW BECAUSE OF THIS PARTY—
WHAT A GREAT WAY TO WIN ED BACK FROM THAT THIEF BARBARA O'CONNOR!
AND I'LL BE "IN" FOR GOOD! INSTEAD OF THIS MARGINAL STATUS.
GO!
YOU'D BETTER GET ON UP AND FINISH YOUR HOMEWORK. ITS LATE. I'LL BRING UP YOUR FLOWERS WHEN I COME.
OK.
FIGHT
GO FIGHT WIN

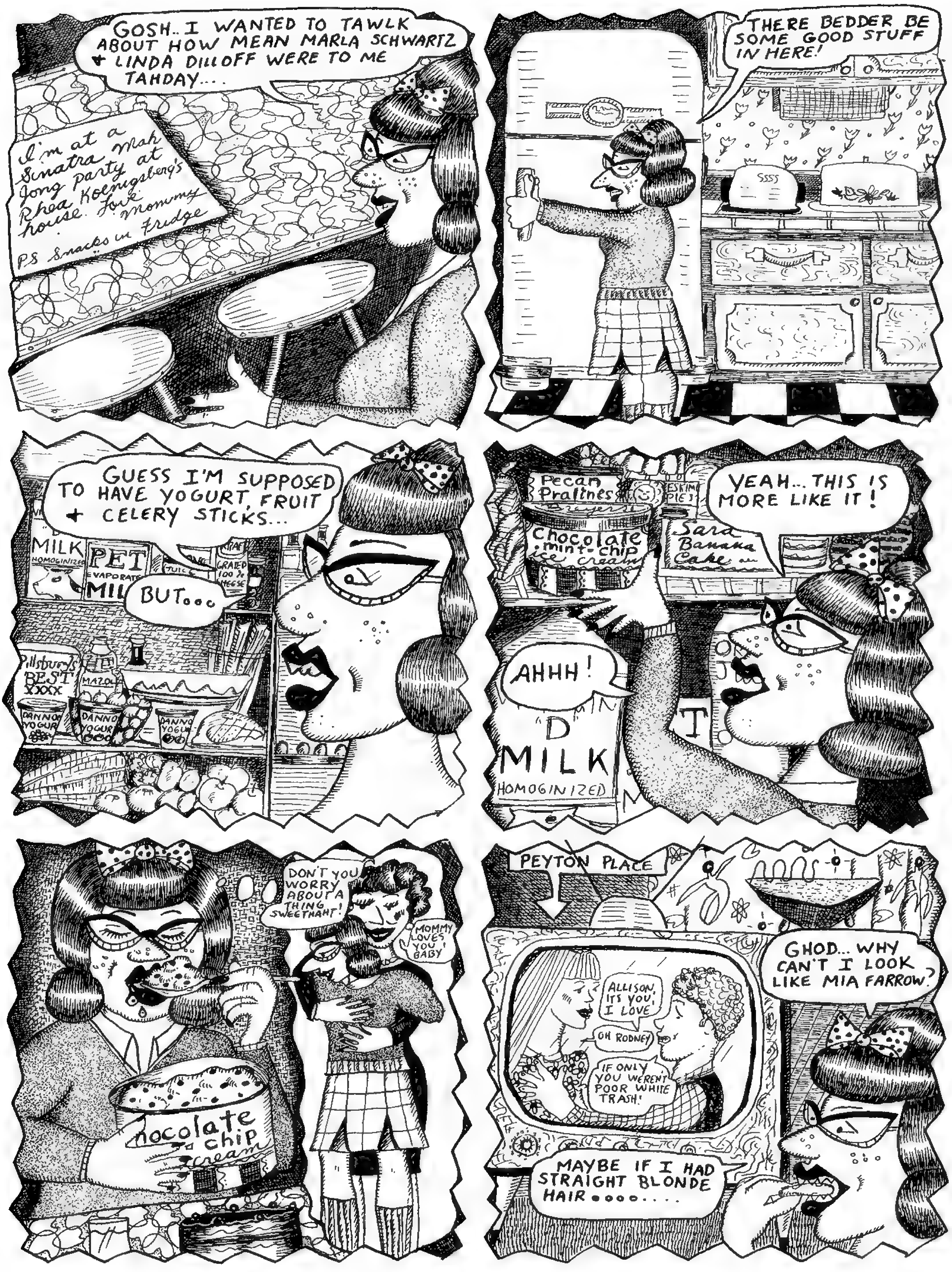

FIGHT 2·3·4 TO NITE
BOMP BOMP
"WE'LL SEE..." GAHD— I HOPE I DIDN'T PISS HER OFF!
Boo! ha ha PEP SMARTY!
GO TO BED, MORON.
IN MY ROOM...
I think its time we STOP! hey what's that sound, everybody look what's goin' 'round
mar mar mar
IT WAS NICE OF LAURIE TO LEND ME HER LUCKY DRESS.
mar mar mar
AND WHEN ED SEES ME IN THIS NUMBER, HE'LL WALTZ ACROSS THE ROOM, PICK ME UP, AND CARRY ME OFF TO FOREVER!
CARMEL HS
MUM
AND BAB-O CAN DROP DEAD.
THANK GOD ITS SLEEVE-LESS. I WOULDN'T WANT 'EM TO GET SHINY!
paranoia strikes deep
Into your life it will creep
starts when you're always afraid
BEING 16 IS SO MUCH COOLER THAN BEING 15— I GUESS I'D LET ED UNSNAP MY BRA IF IT CAME DOWN TO THAT.
MAH-M!
OH NO YOU DON'T YOU'RE NOT WEARING THAT. YOUR FATHER'LL HAVE A HEART ATTACK!
BUT... WHY?!
step outta LINE the man come and take you A-way
CARMEL HS
R-RING R-RING
I'D BETTER GET THAT PHONE
Hello
Yes..
I think its time we STOP!
PLUNK
HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME, MOTHER!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND
OH MY GOD WHERE!
IT'LL TAKE US AN HOUR BUT WE'LL HURRY.
WELL
WHAT IS IT

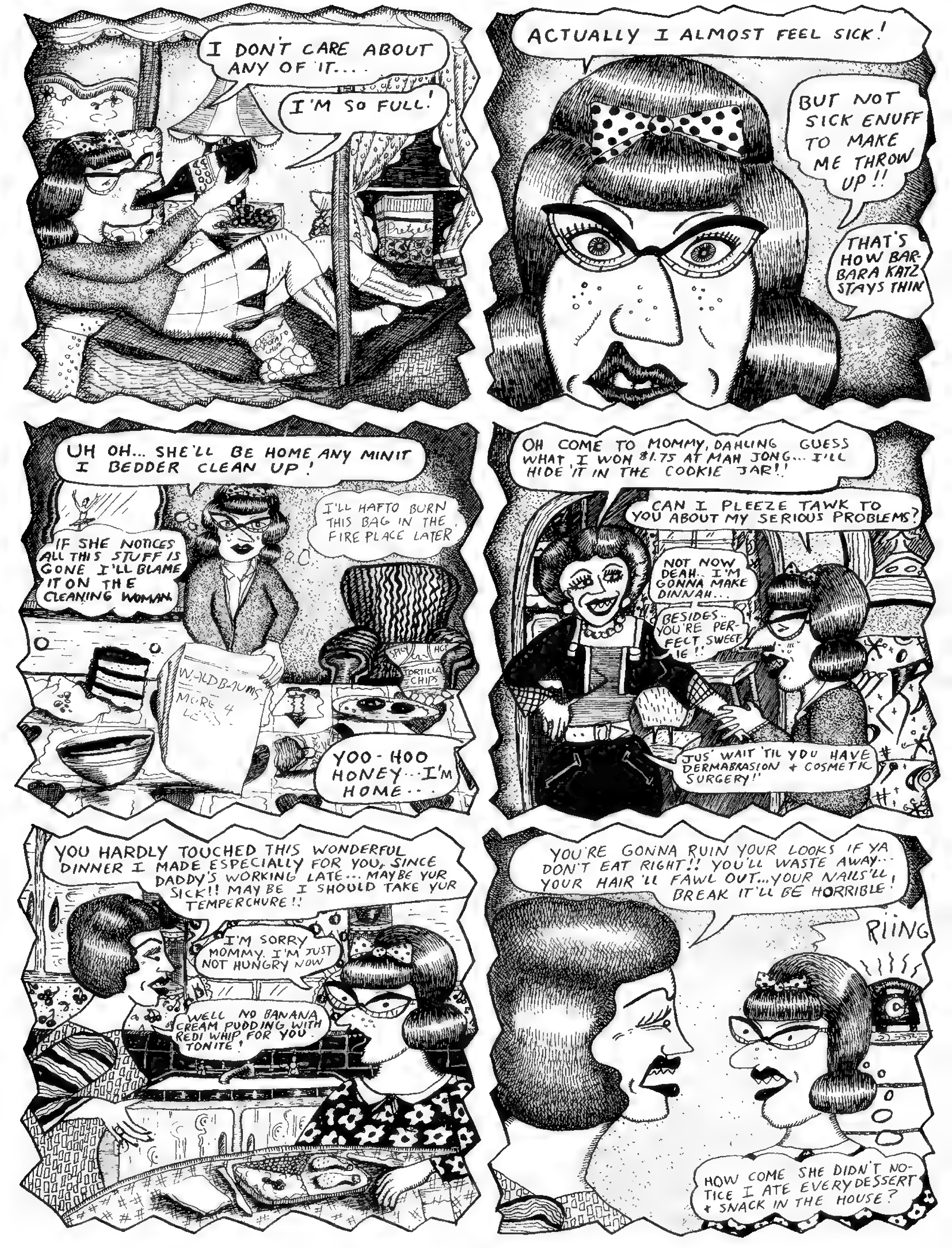

CHUCK, THEY'VE FOUND YOUR MOTHER, SHE'S HAD A STROKE—
THEY DON'T EXPECT HER TO LIVE THRU THE NIGHT!
SHE WAS DOWN ON LINCOLN AVENUE UNCONSCIOUS.
THEY THINK SHE'D BEEN ROBBED.
OH FER CHRISSAKES!
HOW LONG HAS SHE BEEN BACK?!
LETS GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE!
JEZUZ WHERE ARE MY PANTS!
MO-M. WHAT'S WRONG?
OH HONEY– GRANDMA'S BACK BUT SHE'S VERY SICK...
YOU SAID MAYBE SHE... SHE WON'T LIVE TONIGHT.
THAT'S NOT FOR YOU TO THINK ABOUT OR WORRY ABOUT.
BUT MOM—
SHH! GO BY YOUR SISTER—
WAAA!
...I WONDER IF THEY'RE ALWAYS GOING TO BE SO JOYLESS. ..NEVER DO ANYTHING FUN... NEVER LET ME DO ANYTHING EXCEPT HOW THEY WANT ME TO DO IT.
I CAN'T WAIT TO GET AWAY FROM THEM..
THEY'RE NUTS!
WHY IS HE CRYING? ITS ANNOYING ME.
OK, KIDS – I'LL CALL YOU AS SOON AS WE KNOW SOMETHING.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
YOUR GRANDMA IS IN THE HOSPITAL.
HERE?
LETS HIT THE ROAD
I'LL CALL YOU
GRAMMA'S GONNA DIE! SHE'S OLD!
No SHE'S NOT
STOP CRYING
SHE'LL BE OK...
SHE'D BETTER
HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME "MRS. KITE"!
IF YOU DIE ON MY BIRTHDAY I'LL KILL YOU!
END OF PART I

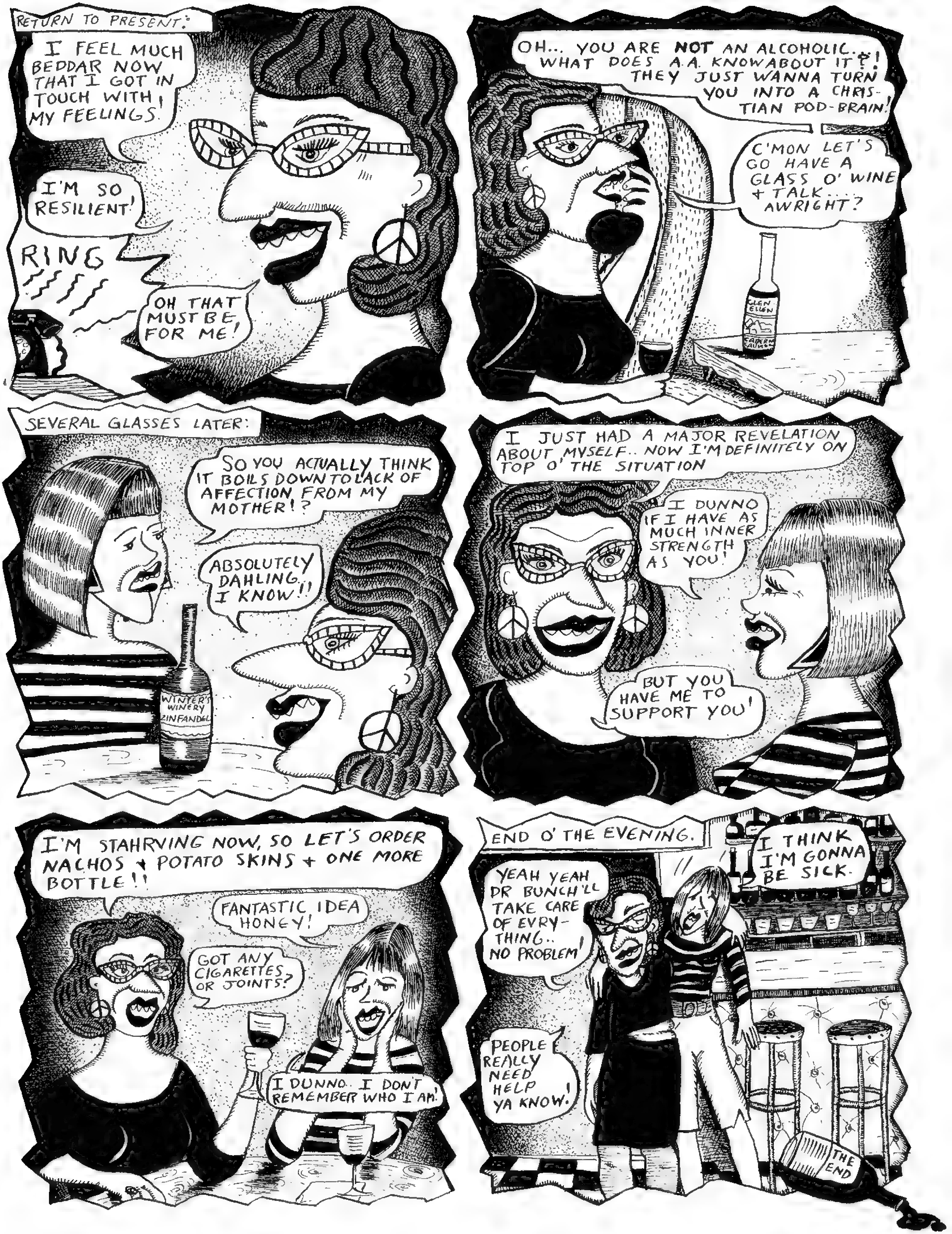

MARITAL PROBLEMS... CAREER DECISIONS. SPIRITUAL DILEMNAS... HEALTH....
KIDS
GENERAL CHRONIC ANGST
ASK DR. BUNCH
WISE
GET RID O' THAT SCHLIMEEL AWREDDY WILL YA PLEEZE?!!
COMPASSIONATE
SHOW SOME CLASS WHAT 'RE YA SPINELESS??!
DEEP
The know-it-all of the 80's.........
A glib answer a minute.... by Aline Kominsky-Crumb 88
SOMETHING ABOUT ME COMPELS MOST PEOPLE TO SPILL THEIR GUTS
I'M GENUINELY INTRASTED IN YOU'
I'VE BEEN AROUND.
I LOVE THE SORDID DETAILS OF LIFE.
I WANT TO GIVE ADVICE
So TELL ME WHAT'S NEW, DAHLING? HOWSE EVRYBODY?
YA SURE EVRYTHING'S AWRIGHT? YEW SOUND UPSET'
YA WANNA TALK?
NITETIME GLASS OF WINE + PHONE CONSULTATION WITH PROBLEM PAL!
I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT'
HE'S NOT BEING SUPPORTIVE OF YOUR CREATIVITY
YOU HAFTO GIVE HIM AN ULTIMATUM THEN HE'LL GET SCARED + SHAPE-UP!
OF COURSE YOUR PERCEPTION IS CORRECT. DON'T, DOUBT YASELF!
LISTEN TA ME I HAD TO RUNAWAY + MAKE THE HUSBAND COME AFTER ME... HE JUST DIDN'T, REALIZE HOW MUCH HE WAS IN LOVE WITH ME'
AFTER I LEFT HE MISSED ME'
IT NEVAH FAILS + WHEN HE COMES CRAWLING BACK READ HIM YOUR LIST OF DEMANDS!
DON'T WORRY IT'LL WORK OUT FINE!
NEVER HAS ANY DOUBTS... ALWAYS HAS A PERSONAL ANECDOTE TO ILLUSTRATE POINT'

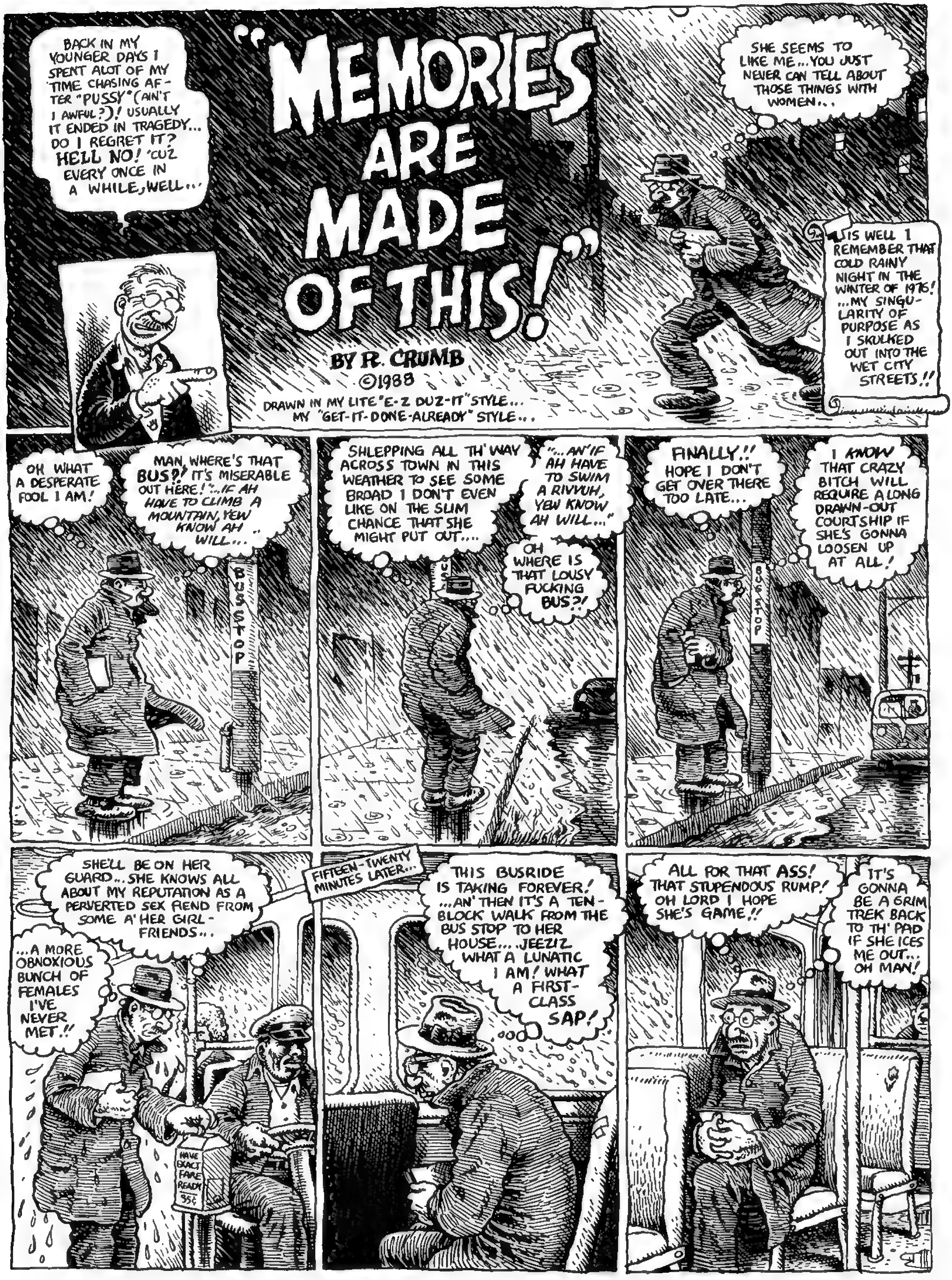
LET'S TAKE A PEAK AT THE DR IN HER OWN LIFE... RELAXING....
QUAKERS
NACHO FLAVOR TORTILLA CHIPS
FETZER HOUSE RED
1 LB SIZE
CRUNCH ZEST
I'M NOT REALLY HUNGRY. I'LL JUST HAVE A FEW CHIPS & ONE GLASS OF WINE...
I WONDER WHEN THAT HUSBAND OF MINE IS GONNA GET HOME ?!
OH THIS LOVE STORY IS SOO SAD. POOR FOOLS.
TELL ME AGAIN
I LOVE YOU I NEED YOU I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU
BLUB! BLUB!
AHH. I'M SO HIGH STRUNG... I NEED TO RELAX
WHERE IS THE POETRY?
TOO BAD I QUIT SMOKING.
CAN'T GET ENOUGH!
THE MOVIE'S OVER.. THE BAG'S EMPTY.... THE WINE'S GONE....
I'M ALONE...
FETZER HOUSE RED
NACHO TORTILLA CHIPS
AN EXISTENTIAL MOMENT?!
I FEEL ROTTEN NOW... WHY DID I DO THAT??
OH SHIT I'M A PIG!
DETECTO
NOTHING'S HAPPENING!


OH YOU'RE FINALLY HOME... IT'S ABOUT TIME!
TRAFFIC WAS AWFUL.
YOU'RE LOOKING ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE TONITE...HONEY!
VERY FEMALE!
FEMALE?!
WOMANLY? THAT MEANS FAT ASS + BLIMPO TITS.. DISGUSTING!
EW..YUR SOOO SQUEEZABLE!
DON'T TOUCH ME..PLEEZE!?
WHAT?! BUT WHY?
I HATE MY BODY SO MUCH.. I CAN'T STAND YOU PAYING ATTENTION TO IT.
THAT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE A VERY HEALTHY ATTITUDE
OH SHUD DUP.. I DON'T CARE..I HAVE A RIGHT TO HATE MYSELF!!
WELL I GUESS SO DEAR...BUT....
BUT I JUS' WANNA SEE YOU HAPPY..THAT'S ALL!
NO YOU JUS' WANNA STICK THAT THING IN...YUR JUS' BUDDERING ME UP..I KNOW... BUT HOW CAN YOU WANT TO.. YOU MUST BE SICK!
WELL YOU WOULDN'T LIKE IT IF I WASN'T ATTRACTED TO YOU!!
THEN I COULD JUST KILL MYSELF.
OH ITS ALL BECAUSE I WAS AN UNLOVED CHILD!
FLASHBACK:
HI MOMMY.. I'M HOME... MAH?! HULLO!


GOSH.. I WANTED TO TAWLK ABOUT HOW MEAN MARLA SCHWARTZ + LINDA DILLOFF WERE TO ME TAHDAY....
I'm at a Sinatra Mah Jong party at Rhea Koenigsberg's house. Love Mommy
PS Snacks in Fridge
THERE BEDDER BE SOME GOOD STUFF IN HERE!
GUESS I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE YOGURT, FRUIT + CELERY STICKS...
BUT...
MILK HOMOGINIZED
PET EVAPORATED MILK
Pillsbury's BEST XXXX
MAZOLA
DANNON YOGURT
Pecan Pralines
ESKIMO PIE
Chocolate mint-chip ice cream
Sara Banana Cake
YEAH... THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!
AHHH!
"D" MILK HOMOGINIZED
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING SWEETHAHT!
MOMMY LOVES YOU BABY!
Chocolate chip ice cream
PEYTON PLACE
ALLISON, ITS YOU, I LOVE
OH RODNEY
IF ONLY YOU WEREN'T POOR WHITE TRASH!
GHOD... WHY CAN'T I LOOK LIKE MIA FARROW?
MAYBE IF I HAD STRAIGHT BLONDE HAIR........

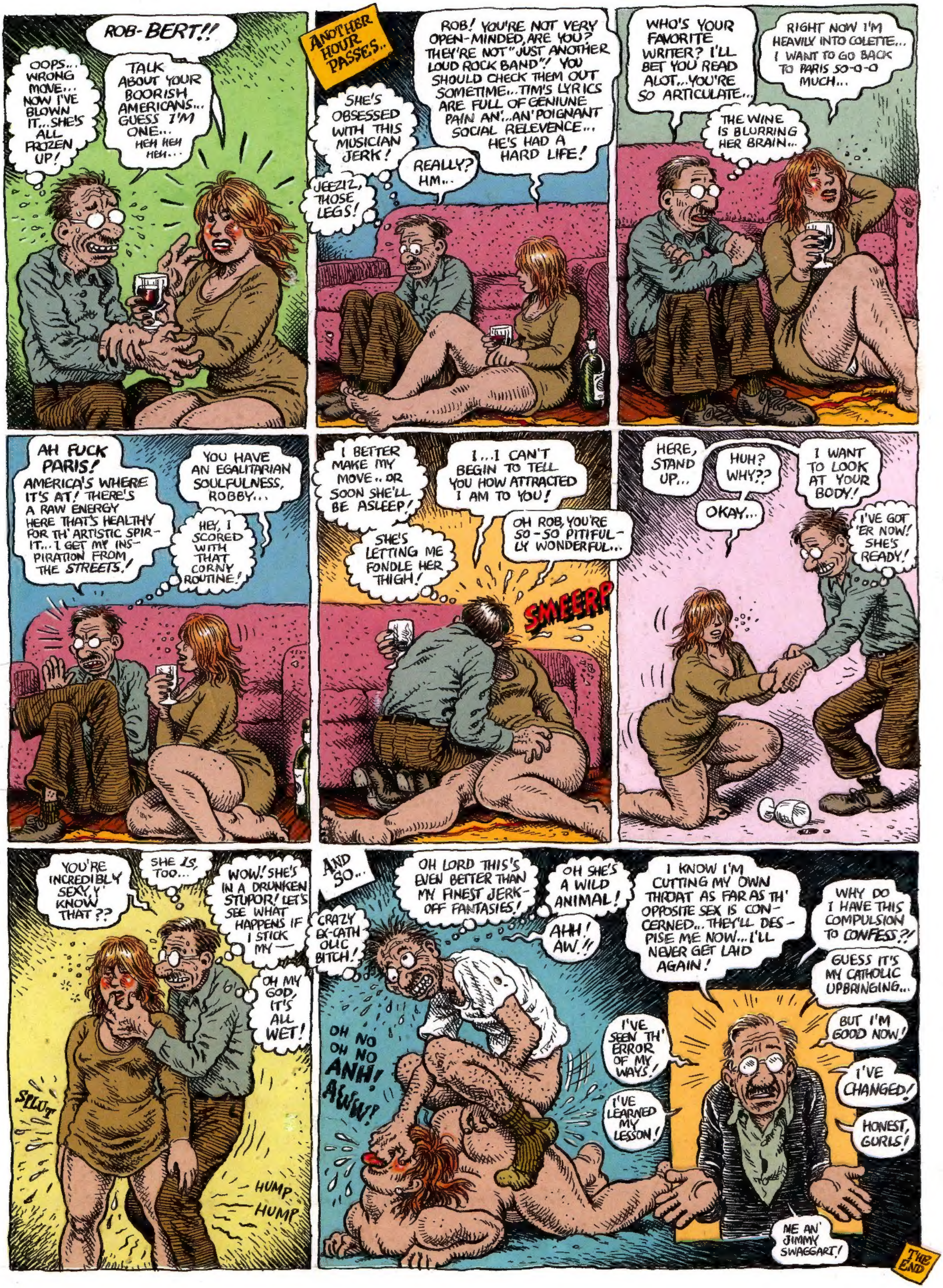

I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANY OF IT....
I'M SO FULL!
COCA COLA
Pretzels
POTATO CHIPS
ACTUALLY I ALMOST FEEL SICK!
BUT NOT SICK ENUFF TO MAKE ME THROW UP!!
THAT'S HOW BARBARA KATZ STAYS THIN
UH OH... SHE'LL BE HOME ANY MINIT I BEDDER CLEAN UP!
IF SHE NOTICES ALL THIS STUFF IS GONE I'LL BLAME IT ON THE CLEANING WOMAN
I'LL HAFTO BURN THIS BAG IN THE FIRE PLACE LATER
WALDBAUMS MORE 4 LESS
SPICY HOT TORTILLA CHIPS
YOO-HOO HONEY...I'M HOME..
OH COME TO MOMMY, DAHLING GUESS WHAT I WON $1.75 AT MAH JONG... I'LL HIDE IT IN THE COOKIE JAR!!
CAN I PLEEZE TAWK TO YOU ABOUT MY SERIOUS PROBLEMS?
NOT NOW DEAH.. I'M GONNA MAKE DINNAH...
BESIDES.. YOU'RE PERFECT SWEETIE!!
JUS' WAIT 'TIL YOU HAVE DERMABRASION & COSMETIC SURGERY!
YOU HARDLY TOUCHED THIS WONDERFUL DINNER I MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU, SINCE DADDY'S WORKING LATE... MAYBE YUR SICK!! MAYBE I SHOULD TAKE YUR TEMPERCHURE!!
I'M SORRY MOMMY. I'M JUST NOT HUNGRY NOW
WELL NO BANANA CREAM PUDDING WITH REDI WHIP FOR YOU TONITE!
YOU'RE GONNA RUIN YOUR LOOKS IF YA DON'T EAT RIGHT!! YOU'LL WASTE AWAY... YOUR HAIR'LL FAWL OUT...YOUR NAILS'LL BREAK IT'LL BE HORRIBLE!
RIING
HOW COME SHE DIDN'T NOTICE I ATE EVERY DESSERT & SNACK IN THE HOUSE?


RETURN TO PRESENT:
I FEEL MUCH BEDDAR NOW THAT I GOT IN TOUCH WITH MY FEELINGS!
I'M SO RESILIENT!
RING
OH THAT MUST BE FOR ME!
OH... YOU ARE NOT AN ALCOHOLIC..! WHAT DOES A.A. KNOW ABOUT IT?! THEY JUST WANNA TURN YOU INTO A CHRISTIAN POD-BRAIN!
C'MON LET'S GO HAVE A GLASS O' WINE + TALK... AWRIGHT?
GLEN ELLEN CABERNET SAUVIGNON
SEVERAL GLASSES LATER:
SO YOU ACTUALLY THINK IT BOILS DOWN TO LACK OF AFFECTION FROM MY MOTHER!?
ABSOLUTELY DAHLING. I KNOW!!
WINTER'S WINERY ZINFANDEL
I JUST HAD A MAJOR REVELATION ABOUT MYSELF.. NOW I'M DEFINITELY ON TOP O' THE SITUATION
I DUNNO IF I HAVE AS MUCH INNER STRENGTH AS YOU!
BUT YOU HAVE ME TO SUPPORT YOU!
I'M STAHRVING NOW, SO LET'S ORDER NACHOS + POTATO SKINS + ONE MORE BOTTLE!!
FANTASTIC IDEA HONEY!
GOT ANY CIGARETTES OR JOINTS?
I DUNNO. I DON'T REMEMBER WHO I AM!
END O' THE EVENING.
I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK.
YEAH YEAH DR BUNCH'LL TAKE CARE OF EVRYTHING.. NO PROBLEM!
PEOPLE REALLY NEED HELP YA KNOW!
THE END


BACK IN MY YOUNGER DAYS I SPENT ALOT OF MY TIME CHASING AFTER "PUSSY" (AIN'T I AWFUL?)! USUALLY IT ENDED IN TRAGEDY... DO I REGRET IT? HELL NO! 'CUZ EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, WELL...
"MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS!"
BY R. CRUMB
©1988
DRAWN IN MY LITE "E-Z DUZ-IT" STYLE... MY "GET-IT-DONE-ALREADY" STYLE...
SHE SEEMS TO LIKE ME... YOU JUST NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT THOSE THINGS WITH WOMEN...
'TIS WELL I REMEMBER THAT COLD RAINY NIGHT IN THE WINTER OF 1976! ...MY SINGULARITY OF PURPOSE AS I SKULKED OUT INTO THE WET CITY STREETS!!
OH WHAT A DESPERATE FOOL I AM!
MAN, WHERE'S THAT BUS?! IT'S MISERABLE OUT HERE! "...IF AH HAVE TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN, YEW KNOW AH WILL..."
BUS STOP
SHLEPPING ALL TH' WAY ACROSS TOWN IN THIS WEATHER TO SEE SOME BROAD I DON'T EVEN LIKE ON THE SLIM CHANCE THAT SHE MIGHT PUT OUT....
"...AN' IF AH HAVE TO SWIM A RIVVUH, YEW KNOW AH WILL..."
OH WHERE IS THAT LOUSY FUCKING BUS?!
FINALLY!! HOPE I DON'T GET OVER THERE TOO LATE...
I KNOW THAT CRAZY BITCH WILL REQUIRE A LONG DRAWN-OUT COURTSHIP IF SHE'S GONNA LOOSEN UP AT ALL!
BUS STOP
SHE'LL BE ON HER GUARD... SHE KNOWS ALL ABOUT MY REPUTATION AS A PERVERTED SEX FIEND FROM SOME A' HER GIRL-FRIENDS...
...A MORE OBNOXIOUS BUNCH OF FEMALES I'VE NEVER MET!!
HAVE EXACT FARE READY 35¢
FIFTEEN-TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
THIS BUSRIDE IS TAKING FOREVER! ...AN' THEN IT'S A TEN-BLOCK WALK FROM THE BUS STOP TO HER HOUSE... JEEZIZ WHAT A LUNATIC I AM! WHAT A FIRST-CLASS SAP!
ALL FOR THAT ASS! THAT STUPENDOUS RUMP! OH LORD I HOPE SHE'S GAME!!
IT'S GONNA BE A GRIM TREK BACK TO TH' PAD IF SHE ICES ME OUT... OH MAN!

...NOT TO MENTION THE ELABORATE CONSTRUCTION OF LIES AND MANEUVERINGS TO GET AROUND TH' SUSPICIONS OF TH' WIFE... I HOPE I CAN REMEMBER IT ALL... IF THERE'S ANY SLIP-UPS I'LL BE IN DEEP SHIT!
ALL FOR A CHANCE AT THAT BIG BOUNCING 'GRAB-ME' BUTT!
37TH AVENUE! THIS'S WHERE I GET OFF!
SHE'S FLIRTED WITH ME ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, BUT ONLY WHEN SHE WAS A BIT DRUNK... ALCOHOL CHANGES HER PERSONALITY... WHEN SHE'S SOBER SHE'S KINDA BITCHY AND HAUGHTY AROUND ME...
HNH, YEAH... I'LL SHOW HER A THING OR TWO!
WHY DO I EVEN THINK I HAVE HALF A CHANCE WITH THAT CREATURE?? WE HAVE ALMOST NOTHING IN COMMON... WELL, SHE DID SAY, "OH SURE! COME ON OVER!"... SOUNDED ENTHUSIASTIC, EVEN... OR WAS I PROJECTING MY FANTASIES ONTO HER PHONEY GUSHY CHEERFULNESS...?
FUCK THIS RAIN!
SHE'S SO HATEFUL IN MANY WAYS... EVERYTHING SHE THINKS IS SO COOL I FIND INTENSELY IRRITATING... SHE LOVES BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN... THINKS JIM MORRISON IS TH' SECOND COMING...
SHIT... HER BRAIN IS A CESSPOOL OF ROMANTIC SLOP!
WELL, TOO LATE TO BACK OUT NOW... HERE'S HER HOUSE...
MY HEART IS POUNDING WITH EXCITEMENT! I'M SHAKING... OH THIS'S GONNA BE A NERVE WRACKING ORDEAL!
TRY NOT TO BE TOO EAGER NOW... THEY'RE TURNED OFF BY THAT... ACT COOL... AT ALL COST DO NOT APPEAR DESPERATE... OH I'LL PROBABLY BLOW IT... I HAVE NO CONTROL IN THESE SITUATIONS...
HI... I, UH... MADE IT... HEH HEH...
OH HI ROBBY... COME ON IN... GO SIT IN TH' KITCHEN... I'M ON THE PHONE!
I'LL BE FINISHED IN A MINUTE... HAVE A DRINK...
OKAY...
LOOK AT THAT THING... SO ROUND, SO FIRM... PULSATING WITH POWERFUL GIRL ENERGY!
OH GOD THERE IT IS, JUST AS GLORIOUS AS I REMEMBERED IT! PERHAPS EVEN MORE SO!!
AT LEAST IT'S WARM IN HERE...
I NEVER SAID THAT, TIM! DON'T— WELL, THAT'S NOT TRUE AND YOU KNOW IT, MAN!
I'LL TRY TO AVOID LOOKING AT THAT STUPID POSTER OF SYLVESTER STALLONE*... CHRIST!
SY ST
* THIS WAS WAY BEFORE "RAMBO"

YOU'VE GOT A GIG TOMORROW NIGHT? WELL, WHEN CAN I— OH FUCK OFF, MAN!!
SHE'S TALKING TO SOME MUSICIAN! WHY DON'T I JUST GET UP AND LEAVE RIGHT NOW?!...STUPID GROUPIE! IF IT WASN'T POURING RAIN OUTSIDE I'D RUN OUT TH' DOOR THIS VERY INSTANT...
OF COURSE I'M WORKING ON IT...IT'S ALMOST FINISHED IN FACT... IT'S COMING OUT RILLY BEAUTIFUL... YOU'LL LOVE IT! NEXT WEEK, THEN... CALL ME, OKAY? PROMISE??
I HATE ALL THE PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS I'VE EVER MET... WHY DO WOMEN FALL FOR THOSE INSOLENT STRUTTING MORONS? OH, I ALMOST FORGOT... THEY LIKE ARROGANT MALES... TOOBAD I CAN'T PULL IT OFF...
SORRY...THAT WAS TIM BAKER! YOU MET HIM OVER HERE ONCE... I'M MAKING AN EMBROIDERY ON THE BACK OF HIS MOTORCYCLE JACKET... WANNA SEE?
YEAH! SURE...
SHE'S OBVIOUSLY VEXED... SHE'S GOT TH' HOTS FOR HIM...HE'S INDIFFERENT TO HER, AN' NOW I'M HERE AND SHE HAS TO DEAL WITH ME...
HAVE SOME WINE, ROB... ALL I GOT IS THAT ZINFANDEL... IS THAT OKAY??
WHAT DO I KNOW?
I CAN'T DRINK IT ANYWAY... WINE GIVES ME A HEADACHE...
THIS IS BEAUTIFUL... NICE WORK...
THANK YOU... HE'S GETTING MAD AT ME CUZ HE WANTS HIS JACKET BACK... HA HA HA...
I, UH.... READ THAT COMIC YOU GAVE ME THE OTHER NIGHT AT SPEC'S...
OH YEH? SO WHA'DJA THINK?
I THINK YOU'RE A VERY GIFTED ARTIST BUT SORT OF A SAD FELLOW...
HA HA HA... A SAD FELLOW... THAT'S ME! HEH HEH HEH...
THERE'S ALL THIS...ALL THIS HOSTILITY... DO YOU THINK OF YOURSELF AS A MISOGYNIST, ROB?
SHOULD'VE NEVER GIVEN HER THAT COMIC BOOK... ...BIG MISTAKE...
MISOGYNIST?? NAH, NAH... I HATE EVERYBODY EQUALLY!!... PHHAW HAW HAW!!
DAVID BOWIE
OH...
AN HOUR LATER...
THE FRENCH WORLD-VIEW IS SO-SO SENSUAL! PARIS IS SUCH A RICH PASTICHE OF AESTHETIC PLEASURES! COMING BACK TO THIS COUNTRY WAS A TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE... I CRIED WHEN I GOT OFF THE PLANE IN NEW YORK... AMERICANS ARE SUCH BOORISH SLOBS!
OH YES, FRANCE HAS ALWAYS BEEN, Y'KNOW, LIKE, A SOCIETY OF ART LOVERS... THEY ENJOY THEIR FOOD, THEIR WINE...
...AND OF COURSE, THE ART OF LOVE!!
!


ROB-BERT!!
OOPS... WRONG MOVE... NOW I'VE BLOWN IT... SHE'S ALL FROZEN UP!
TALK ABOUT YOUR BOORISH AMERICANS... GUESS I'M ONE... HEH HEH HEH...
ANOTHER HOUR PASSES..
ROB! YOU'RE NOT VERY OPEN-MINDED, ARE YOU? THEY'RE NOT "JUST ANOTHER LOUD ROCK BAND"! YOU SHOULD CHECK THEM OUT SOMETIME... TIM'S LYRICS ARE FULL OF GENIUNE PAIN AN'...AN' POIGNANT SOCIAL RELEVENCE... HE'S HAD A HARD LIFE!
SHE'S OBSESSED WITH THIS MUSICIAN JERK!
REALLY? HM...
JEEZIZ, THOSE LEGS!
WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE WRITER? I'LL BET YOU READ ALOT... YOU'RE SO ARTICULATE...
RIGHT NOW I'M HEAVILY INTO COLETTE... I WANT TO GO BACK TO PARIS SO-O-O MUCH...
THE WINE IS BLURRING HER BRAIN...
AH FUCK PARIS! AMERICA'S WHERE IT'S AT! THERE'S A RAW ENERGY HERE THAT'S HEALTHY FOR TH' ARTISTIC SPIRIT... I GET MY INSPIRATION FROM THE STREETS!
YOU HAVE AN EGALITARIAN SOULFULNESS, ROBBY...
HEY, I SCORED WITH THAT CORNY ROUTINE!
I BETTER MAKE MY MOVE.. OR SOON SHE'LL BE ASLEEP!
I...I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU HOW ATTRACTED I AM TO YOU!
SHE'S LETTING ME FONDLE HER THIGH!
OH ROB, YOU'RE SO-SO PITIFULLY WONDERFUL...
SMEERP
HERE, STAND UP...
HUH? WHY??
I WANT TO LOOK AT YOUR BODY!
OKAY...
I'VE GOT 'ER NOW! SHE'S READY!
YOU'RE INCREDIBLY SEXY, Y' KNOW THAT??
SHE IS, TOO...
WOW! SHE'S IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS IF I STICK MY—
OH MY GOD, IT'S ALL WET!
SLLUT
HUMP HUMP
AND SO...
OH LORD THIS'S EVEN BETTER THAN MY FINEST JERK-OFF FANTASIES!
OH SHE'S A WILD ANIMAL!
CRAZY EX-CATHOLIC BITCH!
AHH! AW!!
OH NO OH NO ANH! AWW!
I KNOW I'M CUTTING MY OWN THROAT AS FAR AS TH' OPPOSITE SEX IS CONCERNED... THEY'LL DESPISE ME NOW... I'LL NEVER GET LAID AGAIN!
WHY DO I HAVE THIS COMPULSION TO CONFESS?!
GUESS IT'S MY CATHOLIC UPBRINGING...
BUT I'M GOOD NOW!
I'VE CHANGED!
HONEST, GURLS!
I'VE SEEN TH' ERROR OF MY WAYS!
I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!
ME AN' JIMMY SWAGGART!
THE END

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
C2C • Quality • CBZ